JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 23, 1933

TWOPENCE
Vol. LIV.
1423.

BOOK of the CENTURY for EVERY READER SEE SUPPLEMENT INSIDE

JOHN BULL

Dumplings

take only 15 minutes to cook when made with

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

These light and dainty dumplings give an added zest to the simplest meal and raise it above the commonplace. They are both nourishing and satisfying, containing, as they do in 'Atora,' the best of the beef.

RECIPE.

4 oz. Self-raising Flour, *or*
4 oz. Flour and ½ teaspoon Baking Pdr.
2 oz. 'Atora' Shredded Suet.
Pinch of Salt.

Make the dough with sufficient moisture, divide into small balls, and roll well in flour. Put the dumplings into the soup, stew, etc., when it is at simmering point, about 15 minutes before it has finished cooking. But take care it does not go off the boil when the dumplings are put in.

This recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a post-card for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO All ready to switch on.

NO DEPOSIT SEND ONLY 2/- as 1st Week's instalment. Balance 2/- Weekly.

Complete with Loud Speaker, British Valves, Accumulator, and Batteries, in fine Walnut Cabinet. Reduced Price for Cash with Order 75/-. Other Superb Models—S.G., Battery & all-Electric fr. 2/- weekly.

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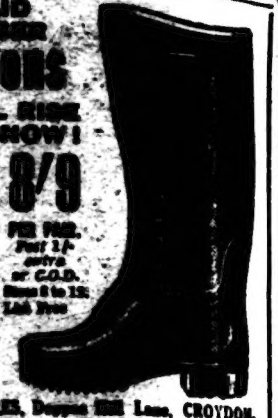
ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3XB), 97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 23

25/- SOLID RUBBER WELLINGTONS



PRICES WILL RISE SOON—BUY NOW!

8/9

PER PAIR. Post 1/- extra or C.O.D.

J.B. CROYDON STORES, Deppers Hill Lane, CROYDON.

FILMS FREE

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

Send this advertisement with your Name and Address and 2d. in stamps to cover postage and packing. We will send by return a Camera Film (4 ins 120; 2½ in. x 2½ in. ONLY) absolutely FREE OF CHARGE. No catch—no obligation. Thousands already given away.

FREE FILMS FOR EVERMORE. Send your films for Developing and Printing: 8 Postcard enlargements plus another FREE Film for 1/10. No charge for "dud" exposures.

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WORLD-FAMED FOOTWEAR

STYLE L2668.

6/11 POST FREE

BLACK PATENT LEATHER

Smart Court Shoe with stylish Spanish heel and reliable leather sole. Write for Illustrated Catalogue incorporating a Coloured Atlas of THE BRITISH EMPIRE to—MAIL ORDER DEPT., LENNARDS LIMITED, BRISTOL (250 Branches).

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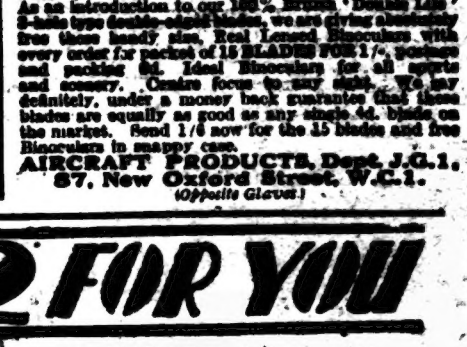

As an introduction to our 100% British 'Double Life' 3-hole type double-edged blades, we are giving absolutely free these handy slim Real Lensed Binoculars with every order for packet of 15 BLADES FOR 1/-, postage and packing 6d. Ideal Binoculars for all sports and scenery. Centre focus to any sight. We say definitely, under a money back guarantee that these blades are equally as good as any single 4d. blade on the market. Send 1/6 now for the 15 blades and free Binoculars in snappy case.

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30 CASH CARR PD 28/-

A NOVICE CAN ERECT.

Sent carriage paid. Complete ready for use in 6 sections to screw together. 6-in. planed moulded weatherboards. Planed framing. Roofing felt. Useful for storage, cycles, workshops, etc. Prompt dispatch on first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash Price.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	42.10.0 or	3/3 Monthly.
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DIRECT FROM THE MILLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE (*or in hanks if desired*).

Start making a Better Rug Now—in Half the Time and Half the Cost. Send p.c. (1d. stamp) for

FREE RUG BOOK OF 50 DESIGNS Samples of Wool, etc. to

READICUT WOOL CO., LTD., DEPT. J.B., OSSETT, YORKS.

100 SHADES TO CHOOSE FROM

Prices From 1/- Per Lb.

HERE'S £2 FOR YOU

GOOD Commission and extra Profit-Sharing Bonus paid to Organisers of 1/- a week "Worldwide" Clubs of 10 or 20 members.

Anyone who knows a few people can run a "Worldwide" Club in their spare time—it is quite easy—no experience or capital required.

You also benefit your friends—they buy at Warehouse prices on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly—Ladies' and Men's Wear, Footwear, Crockery, Furniture, and Household goods of every description.

Large illustrated Bargain Catalogue and particulars of how to make this fine commission will be sent FREE.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES
CHARLES ST. MANCHESTER 1

(*Branch of J. D. Williams & Co. Ltd.—the Great Mail Order House—established 1875*)

Please send me, free and without obligation, your Bargain Catalogue and particulars of how I can earn £2 and more in my spare time.

NAME.....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

ADDRESS.....

J.B.17.

Send in unsealed envelope—½d. stamp only required.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our Looms a size of our "Special" Brunswick SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Dining, Drawing and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Blue, Fawn, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

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THOUSANDS OF THESE PARCELS FOR SALE. WITNEY SALE MONSTER BARGAIN PARCEL

Parcel Contains 20/-

TWO 60 x 80 ins. All-Wool White Fancy Border Witney Blankets and ONE Full Size Art Silk Quilt in either Rose or Blue. *Never Again Such Value For Money.* ALL THESE GOODS IN PARCEL COMPLETE.

20/- Per Parcel CARR. PAID.

Last Minute Bargain. Post your Order and Remittance Today to

THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD (Dept. 30), WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

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HERE is a chance to save shopkeepers' profits. Hundreds of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear and Dunlop tyres. Approval willingly, carriage paid. As an advertisement a 15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

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OFFER OUR FAMOUS CLUB CARDS

Here is a new and easy way to make money. Handle our 6d. Club Cards that appeal to sportsmen. We offer the highest commission and expenses. Big cash prizes.

Our cards are exchangeable for Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Household Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports and Fancy Goods, Games, etc. Finest Agency ever offered. Don't miss this chance. Write NOW to

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BABY-CLOTHES

MODERN SHORT LENGTHS, or USUAL LONG-CLOTHES

30/-

(Beautifully home-made and ready for use) 76 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Bonnet, Boots, Leggings or Woolly Bed Socks, Lovely Vest, Flannelette Night Dress, Woolly Vest, Bodice, Flannelette Binder, Knitted Jacket, Flannel Shirt, Flannelette Barrow Coat, Flannel Barrow Coat, Flannelette Barrow Coat, Flannelette Barrow Coat, Flannelette

EVERYONE A SCIENTIST

THIS POWERFUL POCKET MICROSCOPE

having all the power and definition of the more expensive instrument, can be used for a myriad purposes. Indispensable for testing cotton, wool, wholesomeness of food and water besides many interesting things such as examining crystals, animalcules in water, construction of insects showing detail hitherto impossible without a first class instrument. Requires no skill to use. Gives hours of interesting study. Made of brass, capable of magnifying 150 areas. Count the joints in microbic cheese animalcule. Complete with object glass, spring and full instructions.

1/9 POST 3d

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS
(Dept. J.M.G.1.)
87, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 23.

A BARGAIN IN TIME

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

AN AMAZING WATCH BARGAIN—it is in watch value—a watch with a specially selected movement to withstand extreme climatic conditions. Shock, vibration, dust, damp proof—good timekeeping at a bargain price.

FREE GIFT.

Ladies' and Gent's Models, both in White Gold non-tarnishable finish. ORDER TO-DAY and GET OUR WONDERFUL FREE GIFT. Exactly as illustrated, handsome in appearance. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED. Cash Price 55/-

1/- with order, 2/6 on receipt of watch, balance 6/3 fortnightly to complete 27/6 cash. This offer is made possible by reduced manufacturing costs.

ULTEX WATCH CO.
J.B.31, 57, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

TILETEX and PAROLEUM
The ideal coverings for damp floors!

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor covering. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat, without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for **15/-**

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide. *Send for samples and full particulars post free.*

J. E. ANDREWS & SONS, Sutherland Square, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

90 sq. ft. 15/-

SAVING YOU £5-IN THE £ OAK SUITES

High Grade Full Size 3 P.C.

Beautifully Figured Wall Mirror

Finished dark brown shade. *Safe Pkg. & Carr. Free L. & W.*

£6.15

Full-size 6ft. WARDROBE, fitted mirror. Interior has 2 shelves (one each side), long hanging space between. 6 extra rods, hook to front each side. 3ft. 6in. DRESSING TABLE with triple mirrors & 2 large drawers. 3ft. CHEST has 3 deep drawers.

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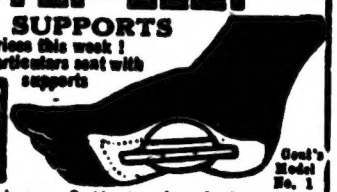
Bargain Lists Free. 18-24 & 46-51, WESTBOURNE GROVE, LONDON, W.2 Also at B. MAGGS & CO., Clifton, Bristol.

'STEP-EEZI' ARCH SUPPORTS

Wholesale prices this week! Prices and particulars sent with supports

7 DAYS FREE TRIAL



Gent's Model No. 1

Compo air instep Cushion under leather sole. Why should you consider "Step-Eezi" before all others? Because they support bottom and side of the instep, adjust to deep and shallow, improve circulation, promote energy, shape to foot instantly, light weight, very flexible, far better than hard steel plates, give wonderful results. The essence of experience. Doctors use them. No. 3 Model for Ladies. State shoe size, pay after approval, or return to us. Heavy steel plates are harmful. Write now.

The STEP EEZI COMPANY (J.B.39), Bedford

NAIL BITING

Stop it!

Your Nails are the Index to your Character.

Free Booklet sent under plain sealed cover explains how you can easily, quickly and permanently cure yourself (or a child) of this objectionable and health-endangering habit. No aloes, no medicine, no auto-suggestion, no appliance. A former addict writes: *'Your treatment is miraculous'* Scores of similar genuine testimonials from all over the world. Write for free explanatory booklet NOW, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage

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UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

6 SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

GARAGES.
10' x 7' ... £5 5 0
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HUTS.
6' x 4' ... £2 1 0
8' x 5' ... £2 15 0
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Planed, Rebated Weatherboard.

DEFERRED TERMS ARRANGED.

Write now for Illustrated Catalogue.

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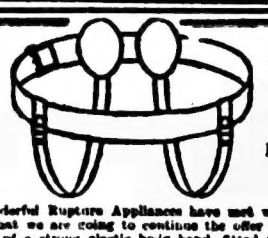
WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, animal studies, remarkable novelties in calendars, notepapers, bookmarks, new cut-out initial cards, etc., and other novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

Apply JOHN RENSHAW & SONS, LTD.,
Dept. R. 153, Climax Works, Accrington.

10/- SINGLE 15/- DOUBLE



Postage 4d. Postage 4d.

These wonderful Rupture Appliances have met with such response that we are going to continue the offer of them. Consisting of a strong elastic body band, fitted with soft unperishable rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliances on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once stating size round body, and whether left, right or double rupture.

A Customer writes:—"Owing to financial difficulties I purchased your appliance, and find it quite as good as the more expensive ones."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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MEN'S SHOES AT QUARTER PRICE!

FREE 3 PAIRS MEN'S SOCKS. SPECIAL SLUMP OFFER.

2,000 pairs Men's Black or Tan weather-resisting shoes, uppers double stitched. Extra stout rubber heels and Neoln moulded to uppers, guaranteed to withstand all weathers. Wide and medium fitting, admirably pliable, giving perfect comfort. Each pair hand lasted. A long-wearing shoe, ideal for town & country. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Sent C.O.D. if preferred.

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Men's Sizes 6—11. Ladies' & Children's sizes same price.

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2 WEEKS ONLY! SATISFACTION

2 White Woolly Blankets 6/11
2 Good Strong Sheets 3/11
2 Wht's Pillow Slips 2/11
1 White Bolster Case 2/11
1 Art Printed Bedspread 3/11
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3 Dainty Handkerchiefs 1/11
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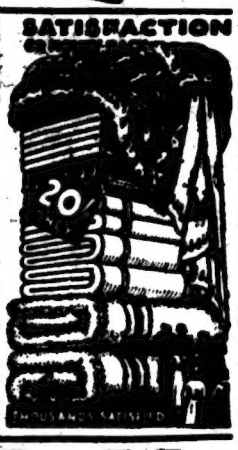
CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

A LOVELY WARMER DOWN

QUILT FREE

also, if cash with order, Free Under Blanket (blue bordered)



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GREAT OFFER: *Ladies' lightweight Mac, Latest belted style, 36 in. to 48in. length. Grey or fawn 5/- each. Carriage paid.*

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DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong perfect fitting sections, easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long	Wide	High	Cash or 12 payments
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	22/1/0 — 3/0
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Send for FREE Portable Building CATALOGUE, 112 pages lovely illustrations, Sheds, Pavilions, Greenhouses, Garages, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Dog Kennels, etc.

F. & H. SUTCLIFFE LTD., 82, Wood Top, HEBDEN BRIDGE, YORKS. London Showrooms—49-53, Oxford Street, W.1.

EARN UP TO £4 - £5 PER WEEK

OUR GREAT CASH AND GOODS OFFER

Take advantage of our wonderful offer and earn substantial sums in your spare time. There is no expenditure or risk, and you are dealing with the biggest firm in the business. All you have to do is to introduce to your friends and workmates the "Amprico" plan—which has a great appeal to Sportsmen, for in addition to winning large sums of money, Amprico Cards can be exchanged for Clothing, Household or Fancy Goods, as illustrated in our wonder Catalogue. This is your great opportunity. Many of our Agents are earning between £4 and £5 per week—why not you? Send for full details NOW and start increasing your income at once.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
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Keep your hair neatly trimmed

THIS WONDERFUL SELF TRIMMING COMB

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Save barbers' costs with this useful, finely finished, unbreakable comb. Enables you to trim your own hair neatly. Complete with blade, ready for use. Suitable for Ladies', Gents' or Children's hair. Sent absolutely FREE with every order for 15 of our 100 per cent. British 'Double-Life' 3-hole type double-edged Blades at 1/-, postage and packing 6d. We definitely assert under money back guarantee that these blades are as good as any single 6d. blade obtainable. Send 1/6 now for 15 blades and FREE trimming Comb.

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1/6 Weekly

RIDE AS YOU PAY

Direct from ACTUAL MAKERS to YOU at a guaranteed saving of at least 20/-. Keep the dealer's profit yourself! 16 distinct models of Lightweights & Roadsters. All Carriage Paid. 7 days Free Trial.

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Tyres and Accessories at amazing "cut" prices. Cheapest in Britain.

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WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

A VOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep. **4/11** 11 ins. deep. **5/11**

Add 2/- for sizes 28 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11d. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11d. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

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26, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2
Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women
Surgical Belts supplied through Approved Societies.

Cost Saved on first job

PENN'S IMPROVED LIGHTNING LEATHER STITCHER

Sews a perfect lock-stitch he sewing machine, but stronger. No handy man should be without one.

Indispensable for Thrifty Homeworkers.

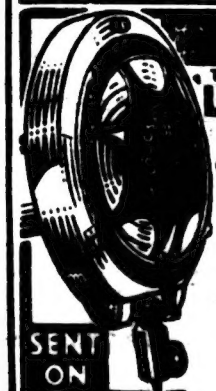
SIMPLE TO USE. Quickly Sews Boots, Belts, Rugs, Trunks, Harness, Sail Cases, Hoods, Cabinet Screens, &c. Complete with 3 different needles, thread and illus. directions. 2/3, post 6d. Extra waxed thread 9d. skein, 3 for 2/-. Extra needles 3d. each, 2/9 doz.

2/9 Model REDUCED TO **2/3**

WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION.

J. PENN & CO.,
142, COTTENHAM RD., LONDON, N.19

TRY THE WONDERFUL 'LOUDSPEAKER' SOUNDBOX ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE



Don't buy a new Gramophone—your old one, no matter how worn, can be made like a new £25 Cabinet with our latest model Soundbox—the only "Loudspeaker." Amazing volume of sound, and absolute purity in highest and lowest notes (impossible in cheap soundboxes). Approved customers pay after receiving Soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all) or 10/- cash down. State if Soundbox fits to or slips over tonearm of your gramophone.

F. HAND & CO., 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

Guaranteed 10 YEARS' WEAR

35 beautifully sprung Easy Chairs (remains of hotel contract) upholstered genuine rex-hide.

Patterns sent free. Write now. Fitted loose velvet cushion. A most comfortable chair and great bargain.

Contract price 4 gns.
CLEARANCE PRICE

35/-

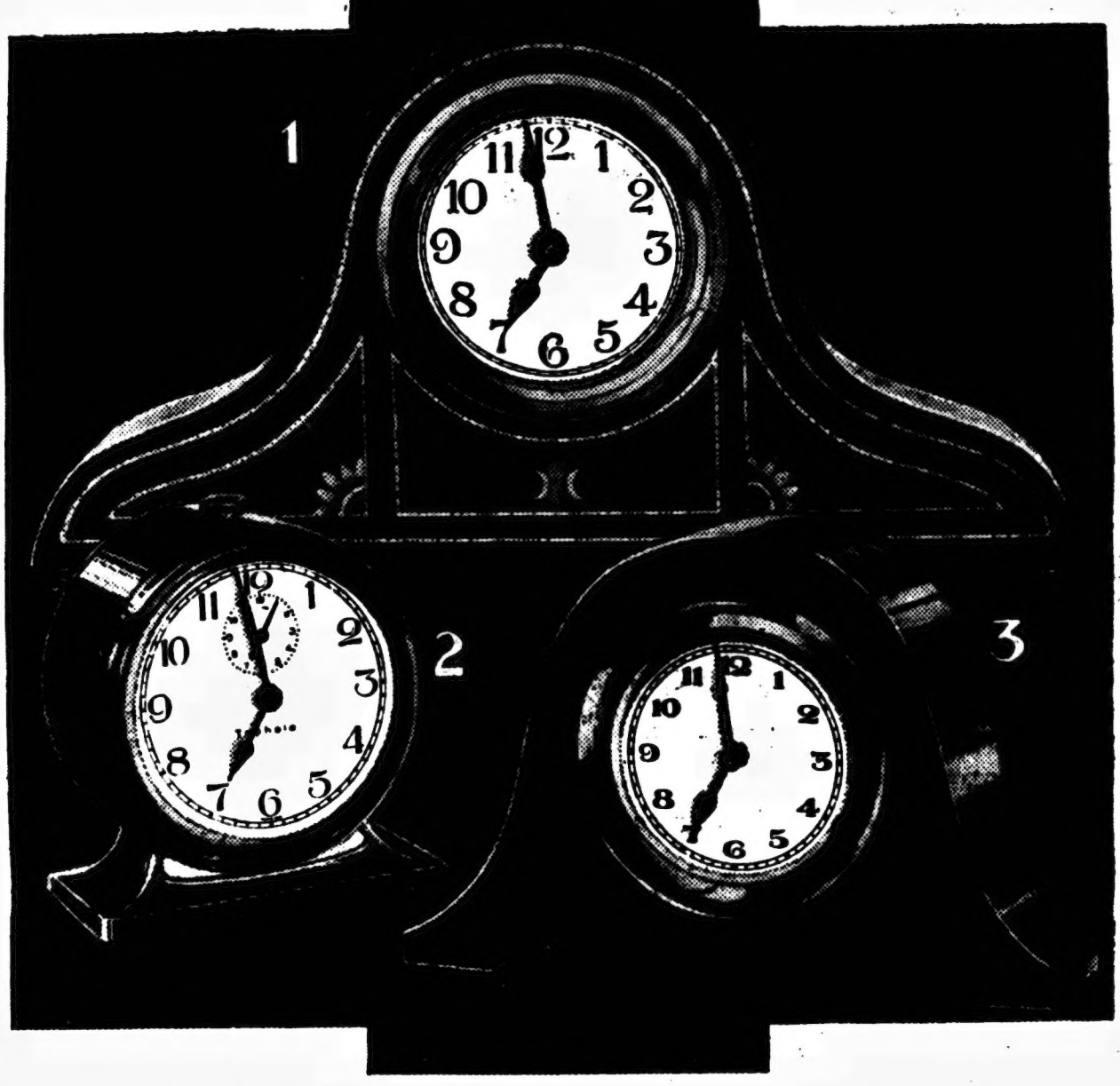
A few settees to match, 50s.

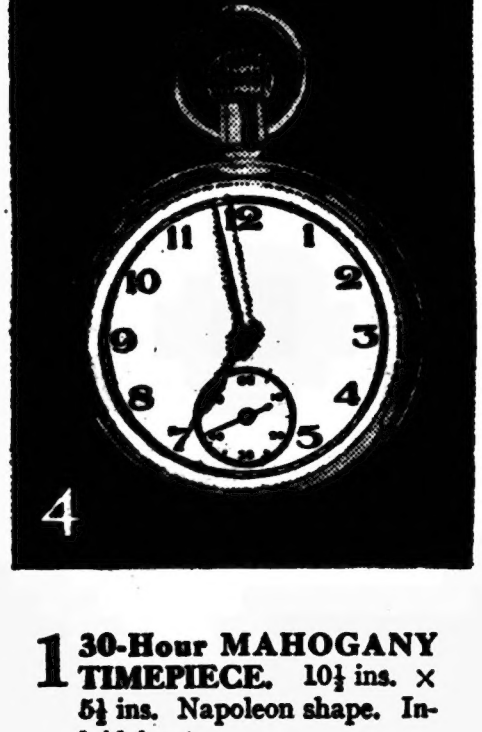
Width 33 ins. Depth 31 ins. Height 32 ins.

Packed free on rail. *Money returned if not completely satisfied.*

COLEBROOKE DEPOSITORIES, 22, Islington Green, N.1 (2 min. Agricultural Hall). Book to Angel Tube.

These fine CLOCKS FREE!





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300 *Coupons*

2 "TOP HOLE" ALARM CLOCK. 5 ins. × 4½ ins. With bakelite base. ... ...
250 *Coupons*

3 30-Hour MAHOGANY BEDROOM CLOCK 5½ ins. × 3½ ins. ... ...
140 *Coupons*

4 "RELIABLE" RAILWAY LEVER TIMEKEEPER. In polished nickel case. White dial with plain figures ... ...
185 *Coupons*

What excellent value, these three clocks from the 'Canterbury' series of tested timepieces. The watch also is just another expression in value offered to smokers of Black Cat 'Quality' Cigarettes.
Start saving your coupons for one of these fine gifts and remember that all the time you will be enjoying a beautifully blended and balanced cigarette.

Send your coupons for Black Cat 'Luxury' Gifts to: Black Cat 'Gifts Dept.' 8 , Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, N.W.1.

smoke

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THE 100% PURE VIRGINIA 'QUALITY' CIGARETTE

for the finest gifts!

B.C. 11

REMEMBER THERE ARE 5 FULL VALUE COUPONS IN EVERY 20 PACKET BLACK CAT RED BAND!

JOHN BULL

"John Bull," 23/9/33.

Without Fear or Favour

THURSDAY,

for week ending Saturday, Sept. 23, 1933. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Hands Off the Fresh Air!

MRS. GRUNDY and her friend Bumble are abroad once more in the land.

This most perfect of all English summers may also be remembered as the last to be freely enjoyed by the camper, the hiker, and all the brotherhood of the open air. That is, if a new Bill, to be introduced by the Rural District Councils Association as soon as Parliament meets, becomes law.

The Movable Dwellings Bill, as it is called, is to be rushed through the House with all the speed which influential backing and Government facilities can give it.

If the "powers that be" who are behind it succeed in their object, the camper can say good-bye to the freedom he has enjoyed in the past, a freedom subject only to the good will of farmer and landowner and his own good sense.

In future he will be able to camp only on a place "within the meaning of the Act"—with all the horrors that implies.

They will be deposed, for Officialdom means to take up permanent residence on the camping-site

The Bill will make illegal the placing or keeping *on any land* of "any tent, van, shed or similar structure used or intended to be used for any human habitation" *without consent from the local authority.*

LANDOWNERS and farmers will be prohibited from giving permission to campers until they have what the local authority may be pleased to consider sufficient roads, water and sewage services.

No farmer at present taking a few shillings a week for allowing camping sites on his land will, in future, be free from the constant presence of inspectors and the necessity of completing endless forms and reports.

It is a pretty safe bet that he will think the campers' shillings not worth it.

But at the same time (and we wonder whether our readers will see the first peep of the cloven hoof in this), *the local authorities are to be permitted to erect their own camping sites and to hire them out.*

We have no hesitation in denouncing this projected Bill as one of the most far-fetched and specious examples of official tyranny in the past ten years.

Far-fetched because it is based, like most tyrannies, on a trifling excuse; specious because it does not require a powerful microscope to see the motive and vested interest behind it.

To take the first thing first. A few months ago certain camping colonies in Cheshire and Derbyshire, and only in those places, began outraging public opinion.

At Ludworth, Hathersage, Marple and Wirral, tent towns had sprung up occupied by young people whose rowdyism was making life impossible for the local inhabitants.

According to their statements, dancing, fighting and singing went on throughout most of the spring and summer nights. General drunkenness and flagrant immorality was also charged against the campers, most of whom were still in their 'teens.

We do not know whether these charges were fully made out or not.

IT is true to say that Dr. E. H. Milligan, Medical Officer of Health of the Glossop district, has made statements bearing out some of the case against the Cheshire campers, and no doubt his statements will be made much of by the supporters of the Bill.

But at the same time Dr. Milligan is himself an ardent supporter of the camping movement, and only recently helped to form a camping club at Ludworth, the district which had aroused so much indignation in the early summer.

The important thing to remember is that all these incidents were isolated affairs. Almost without exception the occupants of the offending camps were from industrial towns, most of them young unemployed, and all of them with no previous experience of camping.

And among them was the usual leaven of riff-raff which was attracted to the camps by the promise of "bohemianism" and licence, a type which would befoul existence wherever it was.

And it is because of these few that the promoters of the Bill now aim to take away the liberties of scores of thousands of decent-living citizens who have discovered a way to health and happiness in this new-found joy of holiday camping in the open spaces.

The grounds of our second charge against this Bill should be plain to everybody who has followed the reports of council meetings, particularly those at seaside resorts, during the past year.

The camping boom was bound to hit a certain class of caterer, the "boiled beef and cabbage," "take it or leave it" type of boarding-house and hotel proprietor.

This class has been particularly vociferous, demanding to know why it is rated when local farmers can make "a good thing" out of letting camp sites on unrated lands.

DOLGELLEY, in Wales, and Minehead, in Somerset, are two of the local bodies which have responded to this pressure, and have demanded powers to reach into the farmers' pockets by assessing for rates all land which is let out for camp sites.

The new Bill is the first move to give effect to this demand.

There are over 6,000 members of the various camping associations in this country. There are at least twice as many non-members. And there are about 3,000 sites being constantly used (the A.A. alone lists 1,500 for the use of motorists).

It is up to this army of campers to band together to keep their camping grounds and liberty intact. Collectively, they represent a formidable body of opinion, but unless they are prepared to act strongly they will see the end of their favourite recreation before next summer.

Let any Bill go forward which will prevent the erection of the semi-permanent shacks and bungaloid growths which have long disfigured the countryside. We are all for it.

But hands off the holiday camps—about the healthiest, and the pleasantest, of the citizens' few remaining liberties.

Hands off the Fresh Air!

A Ministry Sleeps While the Slaughter Goes On

Justice for a Child Beater

Perilous River of Death

Four lives a day is too dear a price to pay for a Ministry's parsimony

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER. . .

WHAT is the Ministry of Transport for? For one thing, you would think, to devise ways and means to check the ever-growing slaughter on the roads

But is it doing anything of the kind?

The answer is given in an astonishing statement just issued with the Ministry's benediction. It is contained in the report for last year of the Ministry's technical advisory committee, and it concerns one of the greatest causes of all road accidents—skidding.

The committee recommends that tests should be made with a four-wheeled car, but says, gravely, that it can't afford to make them!

Lives at stake

We find that incredible. So, we expect, will the public, whose lives are constantly at stake.

Here is a Government Department charged, for one thing, with the vital task of preventing the daily massacre of road-users. But it cannot "afford" a car for important safety experiments!

Thousands of lives, it seems, are considered by Whitehall to be of less value than a single motor-car. So the waste of valuable lives must go on.

For that is what this precious report means.

False pretences

Let us recall that in our recent article, "Our Daily Massacre," we mentioned that there is a £60,000,000 fund provided by motorists for maintaining and improving roads

That fund has been "raided" by the Government for other purposes. The money raised by taxation for the fund, it can therefore be said, was obtained by false pretences

And there is apparently so little left that the Ministry of Transport must think twice about spending a few pounds.

Fatal "traps"

If there is still a good deal left, and the Ministry just won't afford that small sum then we say bluntly that here is a Ministry we can't afford.

The Ministry should be able to afford not merely one car, but a regular road service of cars engaged in the investigation and improvement of road conditions.

Four lives are wasted each day on our roads—to say nothing of the great army who are injured and the great expense involved.

Mr. Oliver Stanley, the Minister of Transport, must get on with his job.

Or get out.

Costly relics of old

Grays is a town in Essex which has a level crossing over the busiest part of its High Street.

The gates are closed on the average for 17½ minutes in every hour. Imagine the time, temper and the money lost. Remember that the Grays level crossing is only one of the 5,816 which flap to and fro on their hinges every day.

Holding things back

More than five thousand of them! Holding things back. Causing delay. Piling up huge losses.

Yet there is a great army of unemployed.

Thousands of them could be put to work sweeping away the crossings, doing what would ultimately be productive work, speeding things up preventing loss and thus making profits

But no! The level crossings are so delightfully old-fashioned that they apparently must not be disturbed.

Aged justice

It is good to see that the Lord Chancellor is thinking about appointing younger magistrates to sit in the new Children's Courts

As we have often shown, many of our lay magistrates are quite unfitted to deal with young offenders

But the Lord Chancellor could go a step farther. Those magistrates—young or old—who are apparently too feeble in mind to weigh evidence and mete out wise justice should be given a hint to retire

We are tired of criticising their stupidities.

Slums for soldiers

We are pleased, too, that the Brass Hats at the War Office have at last realised that soldiers should be properly housed

They admit that married soldiers are living with their wives and families in Army quarters that any local council would condemn as insanitary

But they say this evil can only be tackled gradually because of lack of funds.

We hope Lord Hailsham tells them that this isn't good enough. If they stopped a year's experiments with poison gas they would save enough money to build hundreds of houses.

Terrible child beater

As no type of bully excites our loathing so much as the child beater, we are glad the Leicester Bench showed no mercy to Nicholas Joseph O'Flaherty.

Behind locked doors, this ruffian battered a timid lad of twelve. Later he made a snivelling complaint that he was being "persecuted" by the cruelty inspector who had been summoned by angry neighbours.

We fancy that in getting rid of O'Flaherty for six months those neighbours have been well rewarded for their trouble.

What a son!

Another six months' sentence richly deserved was that passed on Harry Crowe, of Birmingham.

Waiting until his mother had collected her rents, he broke into her house and cleared off with nearly £40. He had robbed her before, but she had always refused to prosecute.

Well, sometimes there should be limits even to a mother's forgiveness.

A family affair

But family ties seem to be strong in the Durham town of Hebburn. The local council advertised for a rent collector, and out of 228 applicants it selected three "possibles." Each of those three was a relative of one or other of the councillors!

The man eventually chosen had no previous experience, but is a councillor's brother-in-law.

Some of the ratepayers who attended the meeting were rebuked by the chairman for making interjections. We prefer to rebuke the council.

Helping the workless

Let us, however, compliment the Corporation of Nottingham.

At the coming meeting of the country's mayors and town clerks, Nottingham will put forward a proposal for a forty-hour week for municipal employees as a method of relieving unemployment, but without reduction of wages.

That is a proposal we should like the Government to endorse.

Employers we loathe

Another public body has just revealed an atrocious case of starvation wages.

A St. Helens man aged twenty-four, whose parents were drawing parish relief, earned only 23s a week. The assistance committee rightly protests that it is really subsidising that man's employers.

It is afraid to intervene officially in case the man loses his job, so the chairman is taking up the matter personally. We wish he had power to put those wretched offenders in the dock.

Typhoid menace

Scores of thousands of people in Glamorgan are being exposed to the risks of typhoid fever.

Owing to faulty drainage the River Taff has become an open sewer. Typhoid has already broken out in some near-by districts; alarm is widespread.

The Rhondda council and the sewage board cannot afford the costs of proper drainage. Whitehall has refused to help. We say emphatically that Whitehall must be induced to change its mind.

Shocking food scandal

Food from diseased and worn-out cattle!

That was the allegation made by a responsible public official in a shocking cruelty case at Carlisle.

A Bristol farmer was fined £25 and £20 costs for causing unnecessary suffering to three cows which were being taken to Hamilton. One of the cows was found in such a terrible condition that it had to be shot, and experts declared that some of the injuries from which the animals were suffering were of long standing.

Stamp it out!

It was stated in court that this type of cattle is sent in large numbers from the South of England to Scotland, there to be made into food for "the poorer classes of the community."

That shameful and dangerous traffic must be stopped—and quickly.

The public health authorities of both England and Scotland do invaluable work. They must do equally important work by taking immediate action in this matter.

A hero's memorial

We think the most moving scene of the week must have been the simple tribute paid to Harry Shaw in the coroner's court at Stretford, Lancs.

Shaw lost his life in trying to rescue a comrade overcome by fumes in a gasworks. After tying a rope round the latter's waist and thus enabling him to be saved, he was himself overcome and died.

The coroner handed the rope to the rescued man and told him to keep it in remembrance of "the man who died in your stead." A fitting tribute to a brave fellow.

Noble pretence

A different sort of hero was Mr. John Eynon, of Mill-Hill.

For years he had caught the same train to his work and the same train back. "Economy" cost him his job at the same time as his wife fell critically ill.

But he continued to walk to the station every morning for four months and to return in the evening so that she should be spared the shock of knowing he was out of work. Last week he was found dead on the railway.

There are many men like Mr. Eynon walking about our towns to-day. All honour to them!

Bad marks

Five years' penal servitude was the sentence passed at London Sessions on Henry Marks for stealing by a trick from tobacconists. He asked that a hundred other offences should be taken into consideration.

Well, we exposed Marks in our issue of July 1. Three days later he was arrested.

We are glad to have helped in bringing yet another rogue to justice.

Another grafter goes down

The grafters are still on the run. The latest to be convicted is a Glasgow Corporation official, William Fairfull.

Witness after witness testified that they had given him gifts of money in order to get council houses, and he has gone to prison for five months.

Next, please!

More bogus clubs

We wish we knew why no action is taken against the dozens of bogus clubs that flourish round Maidenhead and other Thames resorts.

Half-drunken people are brought to them by bus until the early hours; drinking and gambling goes on all night.

Has the Thames lulled the authorities to sleep?

On their track

A large number of shareholders in the First Mortgage Co-operative Investment Trust—a concern we have often criticised—want to make an application for the Trust's affairs to be inspected by the Registrar of Friendly Societies.

The application must be signed, however, by a few more shareholders. Those interested should write to the Shareholders' Protection Association, Ltd., 78, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Mumbo jumbo

There's a good deal to be said for Dr. Altounyan's slashing attack on the "magic" used by doctors.

He describes the writing of illegible prescriptions and the professional contempt for simple home remedies as "mumbo jumbo," and he points out that when doctors treat their families prescriptions that cost money do not figure so prominently.

But isn't the real trouble that most people expect a doctor to give them an impressive prescription?

What is wanted

We are glad to know that the secretary of the National Pharmaceutical Union largely agrees with our article in last week's issue on the "Dud" Medicines Menace.

He points out that many inferior drugs are also sold, but by many small shopkeepers who are easy prey for unscrupulous manufacturers.

He suggests a new Food and Drugs Act to tighten up the control over faulty medicines. That is precisely one of the things we think necessary to deal with the scandal.

As manager of the new Milk Marketing Board, Mr. Sidney Foster is now the vital link between the producer and the consumer. May he rise to the great opportunity!

TAINTED MILK:

ENDING a PUBLIC PERIL

by the Rt. Hon.

Christopher Addison

Ex-Minister of Agriculture

PROMOTED under the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1931 for the sale of milk from farms under the direction of a National Board, the great scheme has been approved by an overwhelming majority of the producers and will soon have the force of law.

It will, of course, take a considerable time before an undertaking like this can get into full operation and produce the results that ought to follow from it.

Needless to say, not even the most anxious producer will be more solicitous that it will ultimately achieve abounding success than I am, who was the author of the Act and the leader in a very strenuous campaign of persuasion to promote its acceptance.

The Board will be responsible for a provisional milk bargain on behalf of the producers with the distributors on October 1, but will not have full authority till January.

Whatever may be the difficulties this autumn, we ought to be delivered in future from the recurring annual scandal of a squabble over producers' prices, which ignored the consumer and left thousands of producers with quantities of milk on their hands, which they had to dispose of as "surplus" at prices which were the tokens of their own helplessness.

The ultimate purpose of this vast new enterprise is twofold:

(1) To supply the consumer with good milk at as cheap a price as efficient and economical marketing will allow, and,

(2) At the same time, provide the producer (farmer and labourer both) with a decent and secure standard of life.

In the end, its fate will depend upon the success with which it ministers to the public need. With statesmanlike direction that recognises this determining purpose (and all the omens at present are favourable), the possibilities of usefulness and of development are immense. But to understand something of what they may be, a word must be said about the facts as they now are.

Annual squabble

MILK sold off farms for public consumption is about 800,000,000 gallons a year, and the producers' receipts for the sale of it have been about £55,000,000.

The average price paid for the milk bought for liquid sale has been 11¼d. a gallon, but the producers, especially in some districts, have been left with great quantities on their hands for which the distributing concerns would not guarantee a sale, and which they often have had to sell at 4d. or 5d. a gallon.

It is this "surplus" which has crippled the producer and been behind the annual squabble.

On the other hand, the average retail price of the bulk of the milk sold to our homes has been 3d. a pint, or 2s. a gallon.

As might have been expected, this discrepancy between the price received by the producer, after all his years of risk and labour, and the retail price, a few hours after it leaves his hands, has been the subject of acrimonious controversy, and, indeed, has engaged the attention of more than one Royal Commission.

Two circumstances have long been evident:

First, that the case could not be dealt with effectively unless there was in existence a big-scale organisation capable of handling it; and, second, that, if the people could afford to buy all the good milk they and their children required, the consumption of milk would be nearly double what it is at present.

In many European countries the average family consumption is four or five times greater than ours, and in the United States, despite its great diversity in character and population, it is more than double.

The things which limit the sale of milk are, first and foremost, its price; second, an insufficient appreciation of its value; and, third, a lack of confidence that it is clean and good.

The National Board ought, in the end, to be able to deal with all these three, because it must establish suitable working relations with the distributing agencies.

As to price, the difference of a shilling a gallon between the producers' price and what the consumer pays is too much; and it has so been found by all the official enquiries, although there is no doubt that some of the more efficient distributing organisations—like some of the Co-operative Societies and the United Dairies—have incurred considerable expense and have greatly improved the standard of the cleanliness and convenience of supplies.

The National Board, however, will remove all questions of uncertainty of supplies. It should promote substantial economies in collection and transport, and I shall be most disappointed if we do not obtain before long immense economies in distribution costs and a reduction in the housewife's price.

Unless there is a great increase in the standard of wages, it is impossible to expect substantially increased sales if present prices are maintained.

The National Board will have abundant revenues to promote improvements, to spread information as to better methods, and to engage in sensible propaganda. When we learn that a levy of less than half a farthing a gallon would provide it with an annual income of more than £250,000 a year, we get some glimpse of the possibilities open to the Board.

People afraid

THERE is another service which the National Board will be able eventually to render that is as important as price—that is, to provide us with *clean milk, and milk free from tubercular or other infection.*

There is no doubt that the reports which have appeared from Medical Officers of Health as to the condition of some milk supplies have made many people afraid to give milk to their children as freely as they would like to do. Before long, I hope any producer who supplies dirty milk will find the market shut against him unless he mends his ways.

Clean milk and herds free from infection are the things to be aimed at. The first is much easier to attain than the second.

The other day Mr. Ben Davies, the Director of the Laboratories of United Dairies, issued a most significant report on the nation's milk supply, in which figures were given of the great improvements obtainable in cleanliness by proper cleansing of the cows' udders and by sterilising the milk utensils.

The National Board will have its hand on these matters. It can encourage the provision of the simple sterilising apparatus required and promote standards of cleanliness amongst producers in a way which ought, in a very short time, to do more to ensure clean supplies than all the Milk and Dairies Orders that have ever been framed.

Disease problem

ALL milk should be brought up to the Grade "A" standard. *The public does not require fancy designations; it requires, and is entitled to have, clean milk.*

The elimination of tuberculosis from our milking herds is a much longer and more difficult business. Until it is attained, the surety against it is pasteurisation, and, as we know, it is widely undertaken by efficient distributive organisations.

In the National Board we have, at last, an agency which has the power, the financial ability, and, I believe, the disposition effectively to link up, in these vital matters, the producers' with the consumers' interests, and we may expect that it will seek to rise to its great opportunity.

The Fool's Paradise

IF everybody who boasts a noble ancestry, that goes far back into the Middle Ages, were called upon to prove his or her claim, how many would be able to do so?

Comparatively few.

The revelations of Lord Raglan, one of the section presidents of the British Association, at the annual conference the other day, administered a very real shock to many of the thousands of people who lay claim to a famous ancestry. And some of our leading genealogists will readily confirm his assertion.

Even those who think he was too sweeping when he said that few English families can trace their descent from the Normans and none at all from the Saxons agree that his views are substantially correct. A few, indeed, maintain that he actually understated the number of forged family trees that are in existence.

In fact, so many of the leading families of Britain have "bunk" pedigrees as far as the more distant past is concerned that it is a wonder Lord Raglan picked out the Wake family, over whose claim to be descended from the Saxon, Hereward the Wake, there are at least two opinions.

Founded on fiction

He might have chosen a certain well-known family, claiming Saxon descent, that has been famous for its generals and other military leaders.

Their story is nothing more than a family tradition, which, in turn, is wholly based on another tradition known to be untrue. The basic tradition, the one that is the only possible foundation for the story, states that wolves were finally extirpated in England under King Edgar.

As nothing of the kind happened until some centuries later, the very root of the story is obviously rotten.

There is another family very prominent in London Society which is proud of a pedigree in which it honestly and implicitly believes. This purports to take it back in an unbroken line to the Normans.

Leading experts on heraldry do not hesitate to describe this as an absolute imposture—not on the part of the present-day members of the family, of course, but those who, a few generations back, dropped a simple, honest name for something more swagger and pretentious and adopted at the same time the story of an ancestor who followed the banner of the Normans.

Then there is a family always prominently featured in the Society papers that began by claiming descent from the Norman Conquest and then, a couple of centuries back, pushed the family tree still further back—to King Alfred.

Our ancestor—a bull!

The basis for this tradition? Nothing more nor less than a human thigh bone which was displayed for centuries at their country mansion, and which they believed, on practically no evidence, was part of the skeleton of an ancestor in Alfred's camp!

More than a hundred years ago certain experts who saw the bone described it in unqualified terms as certainly too big for a man, and probably that of a bull. After that the bone disappeared.

Yet that family, a very honourable and worthy one, holds to that tradition unflinchingly to this day.

Yet another famous family traces its descent back to a warrior of the Middle Ages with one of those rich, mediæval names that roll off the tongue. And they sincerely believe in that family tree, of course.

The death of King Harold at the Battle of Hastings

Yet the reference books, which are probably more cautious about pedigrees than are the families as a rule, will not carry the line beyond a certain Mr. Smith who lived in much more recent times.

There are many such stories of people who link themselves up with "ancestors" who are not theirs at all, or it is doubtful if they are, in that oft-recurring line in Debrett that "this family *claims* descent from . . ."

Supreme folly

The truth is that there are thousands of people who claim descent from famous people in history, and far more are wrong than right.

Many well-known families who have a prominent place in the Peerage books are not the only people who live in this fool's paradise of fake or doubtful ancestry.

How did the bunk first start? To know this is to realise the truth of Lord Raglan's statement that comparatively few people can trace back their family pedigrees a really long way.

In the first place there are the folk who base their claims on coats-of-arms going back to the First Crusade to the Holy Land in 1096. If they have the same coat-of-arms as Sir Brian the Brave is reputed to have carried into battle, they feel sure that they owe their origin to that worthy.

All that, however, is more than unreliable. It is actually supreme folly.

Not a single coat-of-arms was in existence at the time of the First Crusade, which has as important a bearing on the question of family trees as the fact that heraldry—the record of family trees—didn't exist at the time of the Norman Conquest.

Then the right to a coat-of-arms, in the first place, was neither conferred nor hereditary. It went to "prior user"—the first to adopt it. Families unhesitatingly stole parts from each other's designs, sometimes stealing the whole lot if a half-chance offered.

There was absolute chaos, and the coats-of-arms had very little real significance left when Henry V, before leaving in 1417 for an invasion of France, told his sheriffs that no one should appear in coat-armours (coats-of-arms) unless he possessed them by ancestral right.

Coats-of-arms, then, started part of the bunk. But they by no means started the whole lot of it.

Most of those claims to have descended from somebody who came over with William the Conqueror are based on the fact that the family name appears in what is sometimes called the Battle Book and sometimes the Battle Abbey Roll.

The names therein are supposed to be a complete list of the companions of the Conqueror—the people who were his right-hand men at the actual Conquest.

Very obliging!

Impartial historians, however, are pretty well agreed that the famous book is nothing more nor less than a list of names of people who contributed a certain sum—probably a guinea upwards—to the rebuilding of the Abbey! And that being so, and people well rooted in a country being much more likely to give to such a purpose than recent conquerors, the presence of a name in such a list would seem to be ample evidence that they were not Normans.

But what matters? Interpret history as you like seems to be the battle-cry of the old pedigree-hunters. One family actually carries its line back to a private soldier who is supposed to have put up his arm and saved the Conqueror from a blow that would have killed him at the moment of his landing!

History has been very obliging to that family, to say the least!

But the richest source of pedigree nonsense is neither the Battle Book nor the coat-of-arms. You will find it in the pedigree-fakers of the Middle Ages, particularly in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when hardly a single pedigree was not tampered with at the request of one ambitious member of the family or another.

How many people famous to-day in their respective counties owe their pedigrees, for instance, to the faking of one, Mr. Lyte, junior?

Mr. Lyte, senior, proved beyond the doubt of the more gullible people of that day that his family went back in an unbroken line to "one of the five captaynes of Troyè."

Such noble ancestry was too much for King James I. Perhaps it would be asking a great deal of Mr. Lyte to carry the royal line back still more, but undoubtedly he would oblige by showing that the King at least had very noble ancestors!

Mr. Lyte, junior, rose to the occasion splendidly. He drew up for James a line that went right back to "Brute, the most Noble Founder of the Britains." The

of the FAKED FAMILY TREE

—Mythical Ancestors of Society

pity is, however, that our research workers in this and other genealogical organisations are always being forced back on the work of the old fakers.

It has been necessary to go back centuries to show how the various myths arose. Yet one can find instances of pedigree-poaching even in our own day.

Perhaps the most notable recent case occurred in 1898.

In that year an American family laid violent hands on an English family name. Their agents desecrated the tombs in an Essex church, and moved some to new places.

They falsified the registers and forged

When William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings he also laid unconsciously the foundation of one of the biggest spoofs in the history of England. And to-day the owners of faked pedigrees blithely go on perpetuating the Great Ancestor Bluff

King, overjoyed, asked the College of Heralds for its opinion.

Heralds, it seemed, were just as concerned about the safety of their own heads as men in less spectacular walks of life. They at once declared the genealogical table to be genuine.

And the King gave orders that it was to be hung up "in an especial place of eminence" in all his palaces.

An ambitious claim? Not overambitious for those days, when the claim was made for the Earls of Desmond that they were descended from the Trojans!

Yankee-doodle

As a matter of fact, there were as many people at that time claiming descents from pre-Biblical figures as there are to-day who speak of their Norman descent.

The unfortunate thing is that our records got all wrong in consequence, so that to-day, if a family hunts its pedigree really a long way back, not even official documents are always to be believed.

Present-day genealogy, as checked up by the present-day College of Heralds, is absolutely honest and accurate. The wills. And so they concocted a perfectly spurious line of descent.

They actually erected a memorial tablet—appropriately enough, it was made of brass!—in the church. And when the story came out, the Bishop of the diocese at once ordered that the tombs be moved back again or restored, the tablet removed, all forged inscriptions effaced, and generally had things put back as they were before these primest pedigree-purloiners of recent years came along.

There are cases more recent than that, even if they are not so startling.

In 1904 the allegation was made to the Government that more than forty people in the country were using titles of baronet to which they were not entitled. Some had been deceived by tradition or the old-time pedigree-fakers. In a few cases it was sheer imposture, and impudently modern.

After a committee had investigated things, it was laid down in 1914—ten years after!—that a Roll of the Baronets should be compiled, and that no claim to a baronetcy could be upheld unless it was in this list.

The claimants were all given an opportunity of proving their right to the titles they had assumed, and one or two of them actually succeeded in doing so. Some of the others appear to persist in their claims still, for one still sees at times in the official *London Gazette* notices to the effect that ill-founded use is being made of a particular title of baronet.

Lord Raglan attacked in particular old families that have made themselves appear older still by use of faked pedigrees. Our revelations in this article have carried that attack considerably further.

Chasing phantoms

But it would be wrong to suggest that old families are the only people to blame. There are a hundred times more instances of people of humble origin making such claims. They are like the folk who imagine their families have vast sums locked up in Chancery. They are chasing a myth. They start by wanting to believe a thing and end up by believing it.

In quite humble homes up and down the country you will find armorial bearings to which the family—contrary to its belief—is not entitled.

Why prosecute these people? The only authority that can do so is the "collecting authority"—in other words, the particular county council for which the Post Office collects the guinea a year licence fees that must be paid by anybody using armorial bearings.

Why should it kill off quite harmless golden geese when it can raise money from people who do no real harm, and who get a lot of joy—hard as it may be to understand why—out of their delusions?

For every exalted pedigree-hunter there are a dozen humble folk who believe they are related to Lord or Lady So-and-So and think it a shame that their exalted relatives won't even recognise them!

In fact, if a certain large estate in the Midlands were parcelled out among the hard-working people who claim rightful descent from the first holder of the title, they wouldn't get enough each to make a decent-sized allotment.

One man actually makes a pilgrimage to the estate every year with his family—a distance of 120 miles—and they stand in a pathetic little row with their noses pressed to the hand-wrought entrance gates, looking at the rolling meadow and rich woodland which they and their children and their children's children will always believe to be theirs.

Even the Crown of England has been claimed by a man in humble circumstances who investigated his own family tree.

At the expense of a lifetime of study he produced a tree that seemed a sound and comparatively accurate affair. But one small mistake suggested a link with the Royal Family when there was no justification of any kind for such a claim.

That's one of the big troubles about a genealogical table.

Building a "line of descent" is like starting with a single brick, putting another on it, and so building up to a great height. If you can move one brick at the bottom, the whole lot topples. How few are the tables from which you couldn't justifiably knock out a single brick!

It is extraordinary, too, how many thousands of people search the records in an effort to prove their descent from a servant girl once in the employ of a famous general, admiral, and so on.

They tell the whole story of the romance—of the great man's secret love for the little serving maid, the illicit courtship, and so on.

The claimants seek no honour or glory. They want neither title nor estate. They simply seek to prove that the likeness between the family face and that of the great man is more than a coincidence—that they have the blood of the great man in their veins.

The ghost stalks—

Such stories usually began generations back when some member of the family first noticed a resemblance—probably nothing more than a hooked nose, or steely eye, or unusually square chin. Successive generations added a bit until to-day many people who can ill afford the money are paying away hard-earned cash to prove something that would do them no good even if it were true.

The pedigree ghost will always go on stalking the country, whatever Lord Raglan or others may say about it. Especially as nine people out of ten who make such claims would never allow any record to prove them wrong.

"I have it in black and white," say the most determined of them—even if it is obvious that it is the black and white of a forger.

Disclosures like these we make in this article will undoubtedly convince everybody who does not suffer from the "family tree" obsession.

But as to the others, the people who are for ever saying without the slightest justification that they are descended from the Normans or Saxons or famous people many centuries remote, nothing will ever convince them.

The bunk is born with them. It is in their bones.

The Human Machine

Minds on Parade

MINDS are developed only by effort. That's why most people's minds stay where they were left after their school-days, for very few grown-up people seem to realise that minds don't grow by themselves. They seem to think that the early training they received will carry them safely and securely through life.

There never was a bigger mistake. They wouldn't dream of saying the same thing about their physical muscles and their bodies. They know perfectly well that exercise—and what is that but effort?—is not only necessary, but essential if flabbiness is to be avoided and fitness attained. Why they imagine that "mental muscles" are any different is a mystery.

Everyone should make a point of reading something every day that is not too easy to read, thinking about some problem that is not too easy to understand, discussing some question that is not too easy to formulate—doing something that is not merely easy intellectual pleasure, but intellectual work, intellectual effort. Minds don't develop by themselves. They have to be developed.

You can put it in another way if you like. Do something every day that you don't want to do, but which you know you ought to do. It comes to the same thing. It is making the mind work along well-defined and organised lines. It is training the mind to be disciplined. And no one is entitled to call himself a cultured and intelligent person unless he has a disciplined mind.

Put your mind on parade every day—and see that it obeys orders!

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to FRED PERRY

Champion—*but why for* LOVE?

MY DEAR FRED PERRY,—We must not laugh at ping-pong again. Because of it, you took to lawn tennis. So it is that, because of it, you have just won the lawn tennis championship of the United States.

So all the ping-pong players of the world feel justified.

It was as a table-tennis player that you broke into sport, and won the world's championship. Hefty sportsmen have often jeered at ping pong. But you knew it was a supreme test of the wrist and the eye. If you could win at that, and you could develop stamina, you thought, you were good enough to triumph on the courts.

People forget, but it was only last February that your tennis career was imperilled because of an accident at a ping-pong match! On the courts, you have escaped injury. But while playing ping-pong, you once severely injured the muscles of your right arm and on another occasion you put out an ankle. So you, at least, are the world's first proof that ping-pong does not consist merely of diving under the table to find the balls.

* * *

Do not think that I am saying this cynically. Hundreds of thousands of people who normally might not take much interest in your career are proud to-day that you sprang from their ranks. Your father, S. F. Perry, is secretary of the Co-operative Party. And, therefore, all the members of the Co-operative movement regard you as one of themselves. Thousands wrote to you, the other day, when you triumphed in America. "Bravo, Fred," they said.

Your father, who was a Labour M.P. not long ago, had to sacrifice a good deal to make it possible for you to become a champion. After all, international lawn tennis, so far, is called "amateur." It needed a bold decision for a member of the working-class.

I know you wanted to be a professional when you started and that you were dissuaded. Now, when you have achieved world fame, they want to make you turn professional, you refuse.

Personally, I hope the time will soon come when all this nonsense about "amateurs" and "professionals" will disappear. Sport should unite, not find new lines of cleavage.

* * *

Much "amateurism" is merely a thin disguise. Why should all the money that is made out of big tennis matches—and 15,000 saw you play in Paris only a few weeks ago—go to people who provide the seats, make the tennis racquets, or speculate, on the kerb outside, with the tickets that they have obtained in some mysterious way?

I remember the time, although you do not, when lawn tennis was jeered at. They called it "pat ball," and things like that. It was supposed to be an excuse for very modest courtship between the curate and the vicar's daughter. It was a girls' game. Largely, it consisted of drinking tea and passing cakes around.

Little did we dream, then, that the time would come when, at Wimbledon and Forest Hills and Auteuil, thousands and thousands would crowd to see, that people would stand outside half the night, that whole continents would wait gaspingly to know who won, and the King and Queen would go, every year, to Wimbledon to see the finals. Playing in the centre court is almost like being "presented" nowadays.

Still, I can remember when Arthur Balfour was jeered at because he played golf.

Well, Fred, you have provided us with some excitement this year. After "Bunny" Austin's three-hours duel with Cochet, who won, you beat the other Frenchman, your steadiness beating his almost irresistible dash. And so the Davis Cup came back to England, for the first time for twenty-one years.

Then, a few weeks later, Forest Hills saw your triumph. You beat Jack Crawford in a 56-games battle. You played the Australian almost to a standstill. Your rapier pierced his shield.

Now you are off on a long tour—California and Australia.

"Join the Navy and See the World," they advertise. Bluejackets have nothing on tennis players, these days.

Now, in order to do all this, you have to leave your business as an advertising man. You have behind you no family fortune. There are no old masters that your father can sell.

Why is not all this "amateurism" abolished? Lord Berners may be an amateur peer, but he is a professional composer. Cole Porter is a rich man, I believe, but he is paid for the songs he writes. Lord Howard de Walden, who owns land, lets it out for a living. Lord Londonderry, who is a rich coal-owner, draws his wages as a Cabinet Minister.

Why should sport be sacrosanct?

Lord Dunsany is an Irish peer, but he sells his plays. Gladys Cooper may be Lady Pearson, but that is no reason why she should not be paid for her acting. Lady Oxford is the widow of a Prime Minister, but she sells articles to newspapers.

* * *

The time is coming when all shamateurism will disappear. It is a sham, you know, to pretend that only the people with private incomes should take part in championships, that Wimbledon is sacred to those who do not work, and that Henley is a paradise for the young men whose parents have enough money with which to send them to an expensive school.

One by one, the world's great tennis players are turning professional. I see no reason why you should not follow their example. What better sportsman is there in the world than Jack Hobbs? He is a professional, and he is proud of it.

Anyway, your success is the beginning, I think. You come, after all, from the great ranks of the democracy. And now, largely because of you, we can think back to the days of the Dohertys, when tennis was *our* game. Because of your success, a great example has spread right across the land, to all the parks where the working people play tennis in the evening, and to the small clubs in the suburbs and in the small towns of England.

What you have done, perhaps they can do. . . .

Sport to-day, more and more, is becoming the delight of the mass of our people.

You come from them. And now you are a national hero. Good luck to you!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. J. H. THOMAS,
Dominions Secretary

DEAR MR. THOMAS,—From start to finish the affair of the deposed African chief, Tshekedi, was atrociously handled.

There was not the slightest excuse for the Jingo gesture of rushing up marines, machine guns and howitzers. There was not a tittle of moral justification in refusing to allow the chief to argue the essential points of his case. There can be no defence for the harsh sentence of Admiral Evans ("of the *Broke*").

The whole public is amazed and indignant, and you must thrash the matter out to the bitter end. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir HILTON YOUNG,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—All over the country councillors are being warned by your auditors that they may be held personally liable for arrears of rates and rent due by tenants of council houses.

But what if the tenants are out of work and can't pay? Are they to be put into the street—or the dock?

And if you make councillors pay for them, how many men do you think will be willing to serve on councils?

JOHN BULL.

Sir PHENE NEAL,
Mansion House

DEAR ALDERMAN,—You did well to snub the income-tax collector who wanted you to send to prison a man who had paid all his tax but 14s. 3d.

You know men who are unable to pay the instalments on their houses; I know many who have school and doctors' fees to pay as well.

Give them time and they will meet all their obligations, but they can pay neither Peter nor Paul if they are thrown into jail and lose their jobs.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Is it true that your Department has misled the Prince of Wales?

The Prince took up the case of a Liverpool ex-Service man, and it is alleged that he was told by the Ministry that the man's pension had been increased, but that a few weeks later the pension was reduced.

This allegation should be investigated at once. JOHN BULL.

TOM SMITH, Slaithwaite: Reprimanded by landlord for improper remark to barmaid, you bit off lobe of his ear. That cost you £50 and costs. Yes, biter is always bit.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. E. THURLOW,
Atherstone Council, Warwickshire

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—The village of Warton has a scandal of extreme urgency. Four miles of water mains are so corroded that sufficient water couldn't be obtained to extinguish a fire.

Yet the dismay you expressed was not at the danger, but at the expense—£2,500.

This disgraceful matter was raised three years ago, but postponed as inopportune—and now is to be delayed again. Has your council never heard the adage about a stitch in time?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. MARY SMITH,
Wembley, Middlesex

DEAR MADAM,—The man who tried to snatch your bag and its £200 contents must have had the surprise of his life.

You smashed a blow in his face and, though he knocked you down, were still clutching your bag when he ran off to a waiting car.

Luckily you were unhurt and your money was saved, and I welcome this fresh proof that women are not always such docile victims as ruffians expect them to be. JOHN BULL.

HARRIET MURPHY,
Portland Street, Liverpool

HARRIET,—You should consider yourself a lucky woman.

Every week since 1917 you have been fraudulently drawing a war pension, obtaining more than £900 in all. You have been sent to jail for six months.

But I see that a woman in another town who stole a bag containing £2 has received half your sentence.

Yes, you are lucky—very lucky.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FRANCIS GOODENOUGH,
British Commercial Gas Association

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—You point out that President Roosevelt's plan for the State control of industry may lead to the complete recovery of America's trade. And you add that we should not be too proud to learn the lesson it may teach us.

Well, America is already providing us with one lesson. For it is at least taking vigorous action against unemployment and trade depression, while our Government seems too proud to do anything.

I can only hope that you—and the other business magnates as open-minded as yourself—will succeed in destroying that blind pride. JOHN BULL.

Mr. HENRY WHITTAKER,
Kempsey House, near Worcester

DEAR SIR,—Summoned to attend a police court, you were turned out because you refused to stand up when the magistrates entered.

There is no law, you said, compelling you to rise. But surely the laws of common courtesy need no Act of Parliament to enforce them?

And if you fail to set an example in good manners, how can you expect your pupils to observe them? JOHN BULL.

MARY MADDOCK,
Stockport

MADDOCK,—You are one of those unpleasant people who thrive on the troubles of the very poor.

It was amply proved in court that you acted as a moneylender without a licence, charging as much as 165 per cent. interest. And if a borrower got behind with her payments you went to her house and caused a disturbance.

You were fined £15 for not possessing a licence, but I hope you do not get one in any circumstances. JOHN BULL.

The Barred Voice on the Wireless

by A. G. Gardiner

WHETHER we agree with it or disagree with it, the protest which Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill sent to Mr. Whitley, the chairman of the B.B.C., raises an important national issue. That issue is the place of the B.B.C. in the political life of the country.

There can be no doubt of the immense potentialities of wireless in the manufacture of public opinion. Fletcher of Saltoun said that anybody was free to make the laws of a people if he could give it its songs. By that he meant that a good ballad and a brave tune created the frame of mind that created laws.

I dare say that is true. The French Revolution did not really get going until the "Marseillaise" stung it into passion with its fierce and defiant battle-cry. And "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave" sent the American armies of the North swinging into battle for the freedom of the slave.

But if Fletcher of Saltoun were living to-day he would not bother about writing our songs. He would want Sir John Reith's or Mr. Whitley's job at Broadcasting House. "Give me that and a free hand," he would say, "and you can have your Parliament and your Press and your platform. With the command of the air I will make the British public dance to any tune I set and follow me into any green pastures that I choose."

And he would not be far wrong.

Dictators' ally

What an instrument this new miracle of the skies is in the hands of the dictators to-day! By means of it Hitler in Germany, Stalin in Russia and Mussolini in Italy have exclusive access to almost every household in their respective lands. They can dictate what the people shall hear. More important, they can dictate what the people shall not hear.

There is not a soul in Russia or Germany or Italy who can hear what Stalin or Hitler or Mussolini does not desire them to hear. Nor can they read what the dictators do not wish them to read For the Press is their monopoly as much as the aerial wave. But of the two the monopoly of the air is the more important.

Consider what would happen in this country if such a monopoly were established. And its establishment would be the first act of a dictator, whether he were a red shirt, a black shirt or a brown shirt.

He would plant his most trusted minion in Broadcasting House and send into the five and a half million parlours that constitute the British wireless world just the kind of dope that was calculated to further his ends.

If in pursuit of these ends he had burned down the Houses of Parliament in order to create a panic and win an election, he could convince the public that it was his enemies that had done it. He could achieve this simply by his control of the air.

We are happily free from this experience of the malign power of the wireless. But we know well what an enormous political influence it can exercise in a time of crisis, even when fairly administered.

Nothing had a greater influence—indeed, nothing had so great an influence—at the last General Election as the addresses broadcast during that struggle. Each Party had a fair deal. I have never heard any suggestion to the contrary. But it was the Government spokesmen who made the most effective use of it.

I heard most of the addresses, and I have no doubt that one of the most decisive factors in the election was the utterance of Lord Snowden. The fact is that the Government Party knew how "to put it across" and the Labour representatives did not.

The art of broadcasting is entirely different from that of platform speaking. It has no crowd emotion to appeal to, and rhetoric and bombast fall flat and sound insincere.

You must not use the same methods in addressing an individual as you use in addressing a mass meeting. In broadcasting you are addressing an individual by his fireside. A plain tale plainly told is what counts.

That is why Mr. Baldwin is so successful a broadcaster and why Mr. MacDonald is so unsuccessful a one. The former talks to you companionably as man to man; the latter talks as if you were a public meeting.

Now, these arts must be learned by those who hope to influence public opinion in the future. For broadcasting is destined to play a decisive part in political warfare. What that part is to be is the question which is raised in the correspondence between Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, and the chairman of the B.B.C.

That body has arranged for the autumn a programme of political speeches. In selecting the speakers the B.B.C. naturally approached the respective Parties, and the Chief Whips made suggestions as to who best represented those Parties.

The B.B.C. adopted those suggestions.

Mr. J. H. Whitley is the guardian of Broadcasting House—but isn't he inclined to be just a trifle too vigilant? asks A.G.G.

In doing so, Mr. Whitley and his colleagues acted quite properly. Politics is a ticklish subject for them to touch, and, while giving each Party a hearing, they were glad to shift the responsibility of choosing the speakers to other shoulders.

Overcautious B.B.C.

But the result is that Sir Austen, Mr. George and Mr. Churchill are not included in the list. They are not included because, like Lord Snowden, they do not represent any organised Party in Parliament, and their names were not put forward by the Party councils. The protest they made to Mr. Whitley was against their exclusion as representing the exclusion of independent opinion.

It is not the first time such a protest has been made. Not long ago Mr. Churchill was anxious to deliver a broadcast political address and was "turned down." He complained of the fact as if he had been denied a right which belonged to him as a matter of course.

That was nonsense. No man is of such national importance that he can claim the right to broadcast whenever he feels disposed. If that right were conceded to Mr. Churchill it would have to be conceded to scores of others, and the whole broadcasting scheme would be in chaos.

But I think there is a reasonable ground of protest in the present case. The B.B.C. erred a little on the side of caution in confining themselves to the official spokesmen. There is room for the independent voice on the wireless, as in Parliament. When he was Speaker of the House of Commons Mr. Whitley knew how to call on the unattached and independent Member who had a reputation in the country and whom the House wished to hear. He might do the same at Broadcasting House when a political discussion is afoot.

I say this with the fullest respect for his anxiety to preserve the strict impartiality of the B.B.C. in the political controversy. It must keep the balance even between all schools of thought and it must be free from Party interference.

It has been admirably successful hitherto, and I trust the day will never come when the B.B.C. will be the monopoly of a dictator or the organ of a Party. Conducted as it is to-day, it is the stoutest bulwark of democracy and constitutional government. But it should not be too strictly official.

And it should not exclude such eminent independent voices as Sir Austen Chamberlain, Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Churchill from the political argument.

Not from the B.B.C.—Professor W. A. Conrad, of the U.S. Naval Academy, on

MAN and the MOON

WITH safety bored,
To dizzy heights
Mankind has soared
On fancy flights;
The seas have all been raided,
And very soon
The distant moon
By Man will be invaded.

All stellar space,
The Milky Way,
The moon's white face,
The stars at play—
To those who now are nippers
These things will be
Much as the sea-
Side is to seaside trippers!

My opinion that it should be quite possible to travel to the moon in a rocket has been received in the customary manner by the Doubting Thomases.

I can, however, find consolation in the thought that not so very many years ago these unbelievers would have scoffed at the notion of going to the Pole by submarine or to Wigan by air.

I do not suggest that the day is within measurable distance when it will be possible to take week-end trips to the moon and litter the Milky Way with fruit-bags and cigarette-ends, but in time the firmament will be familiar with these blessings of civilisation.

Meanwhile, there are, admittedly, one or two obstacles in the way of moon-struck tourists, one of them being expense. For, as I told the Press, the cost of constructing the rocket and equipping it with the necessary fuel would probably be about £20,000,000.

So it will be seen that, for the time at least, such trips are beyond the financial reach of anyone other than kinema stars and more than usually efficient seaside landladies.

The biggest technical obstacle is, of course, the fuel problem; since I estimate that to carry a rocket and passengers, weighing ten tons, to the moon would require 6,000 tons of oxygen and alcohol.

Some ignorant persons have suggested that these requirements could be reduced if only teetotal passengers were carried; but I need scarcely state that the alcohol is not for human consumption.

Other difficulties would be finding one's way about the Milky Way and dodging falling stars; but men capable of finding their way through the intricacies of income-tax forms and then dodging bankruptcy should be quite equal to these minor problems of the larger lunacy.

The first 125 miles of the journey would be the hardest, but after that it should be comparatively plain sailing, while the advantages to be gained in thus escaping from a world that has been made safe for bureaucracy are too obvious to be dilated upon.

That many "done"-brown citizens would be only too willing to brave the dangers of the voyage there can be no doubt, as the following rhyme, sent to me by a holiday-making house-father, shows:

If I had the needful
I'd take on the trip;
Of peril unheedful,
I'd let the world rip,
I would leave merry England behind me.
To soar up on high
To a place in the sky
Where no income-tax blighter could find me!

But joys of this kind are
Alas! not for me.
All those I can find
At Slowcombe-on-Sea,
And even these empty my pocket!
So "shooting the moon"
Is a task I may soon
Undertake without aid of a rocket!

HOW MUCH TOOTHPASTE DO YOU EAT?

Film stars may be blonde—or they may be brunette. Your favourite film actor may be a jovial, light-hearted fellow—or the villain of every piece. But there's one thing these film people have just *got* to have—and that's perfect sparkling teeth!

As on the films, so in real life—shining-white teeth are the first point of personal attractiveness. Can your teeth stand a "close up"? Or are they dulled and disfigured by cloudiness and tobacco-stains?

There is a wonderful toothpaste on the market nowadays which has made quite a name for itself—because of the way it banishes stains and tunes up the high-lights of your teeth. It comes from the same laboratories from which came the famous Milton antiseptic fluid. In fact, it is *called* Milton toothpaste. Which is as good a guarantee as a toothpaste could have!

But that's not all. Milton toothpaste adds a forgotten sparkle to your smile—it preserves your precious teeth from germs and decay—but it does more than that. Its delicious flavour instantly refreshes even the most unpleasant morning mouth, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. People tell us, in fact, that Milton toothpaste tastes so good that they want to eat it. Don't just take their word for it, though—try this toothpaste yourself. You'll look forward to every occasion on which you brush your teeth!

There is nothing in Milton toothpaste which is hard, abrasive or in the slightest degree injurious to the dental enamel or the delicate tissues of your gums. It is utterly safe. And, incidentally, surprisingly inexpensive.

Like Milton Fluid and Milton Antiseptic Ointment, Milton Toothpaste costs sixpence. The good companions of the bathroom shelf!

This *New* Stylish Compact

COMPLETE WITH MIRROR & PUFF

1/- THE SAME PRICE AS A REFILL

THE LATEST WAY TO CARRY YOUR MOUSSE of CREAM FACE POWDER

No longer any need to buy refills. This new way you get a smart new compact complete with mirror and puff for the same price as a refill. The New Tokalon Shilling Compact is most elegantly designed in black and silver. Nothing like it ever produced before under 5/-. Contains the famous Mousse of Cream Powder which does not dry up the skin, and stays on all day even in wind, rain and heat. Poudre Tokalon, because it contains Mousse of Cream, gives a marvellous and natural looking beauty of complexion, obtainable in no other way.

The Triumph of 'Ovaltine' Quality

Facts to Remember

The world-wide success of delicious "Ovaltine" is due to the following facts:—

"Ovaltine" provides the maximum of health-giving nourishment of the highest possible quality at the lowest possible cost.

All the benefits of production on a vast scale have already been passed on to the public in the present low prices. Considering its unequalled quality, "Ovaltine" is, therefore, the most economical food beverage you can buy.

Why 'Ovaltine' cannot be equalled for Quality and Value

FOR giving and maintaining glorious good health—***there is definitely nothing like "Ovaltine."*** Imitations may be made to ***look*** like "Ovaltine"—even some of its ingredients may be copied—but there the resemblance ends.

The facts are that these imitations—unlike "Ovaltine"—contain large percentages of household sugar and cocoa.

It is emphasized that "Ovaltine" does not contain any household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce costs—nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Sugar costs only 2½d. a pound, and can be added in the home if required for sweetening.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from malt, milk and eggs. The malt extract is manufactured from home-grown barley—there is none as good. The high quality of the eggs and milk is ensured by the "Ovaltine" Egg and Dairy Farms. We know of no other manufacturers of a food beverage who possess their own farms.

The extensive "Ovaltine" Factory in a Country Garden is a model of modern efficiency and hygienic perfection. The most scientific and labour-saving methods are employed. Even the air is washed and changed ten times an hour.

All these reasons contribute to the unequalled quality and value of delicious "Ovaltine." If you are asked to accept a substitute for "Ovaltine" remember that quality such as "Ovaltine" provides ***cannot*** be sold at a lower price. Remember, too, that "Ovaltine" gives you more in quantity as well as more in quality, and is therefore the most economical in use.

Those who rely on "Ovaltine" quality safeguard their health to a supreme degree.

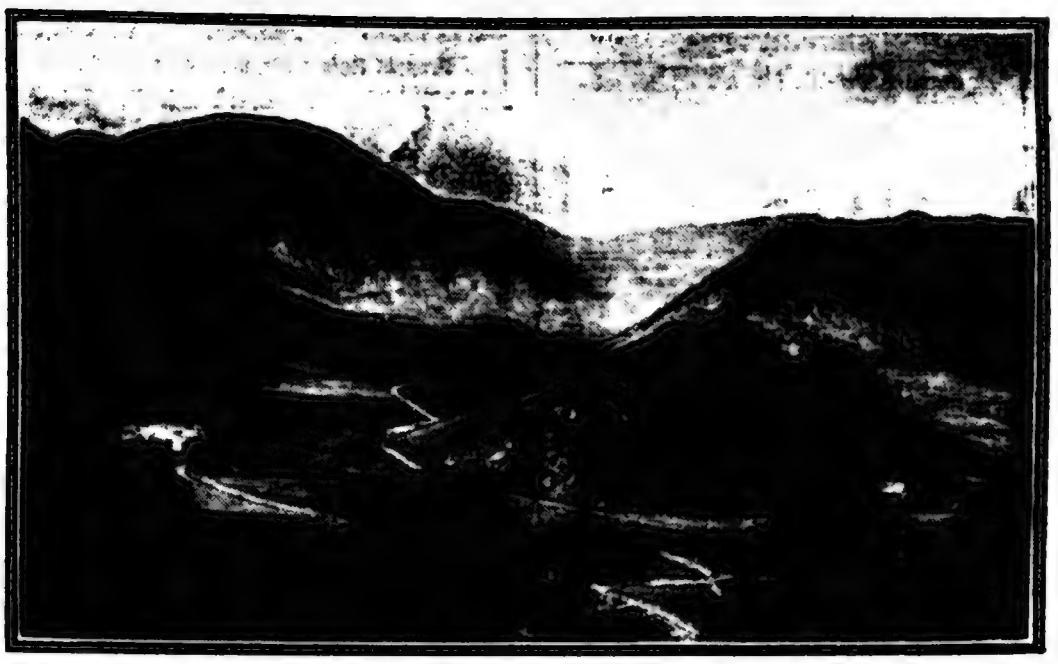
'OVALTINE'

Tonic Food Beverage

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin. P934

Often imitated—never equalled

BANKRUPT'S £1,000,000 SCHEME *Exposed*



The village of Mardale nestling in the Cumberland Valley which was to be flooded in connection with the Manchester Corporation waterworks scheme

THIS week we introduce a financier of unusual brilliance, whose activities cannot be too strongly condemned. While talking airily in millions he has callously reduced at least one victim from affluence to penury.

The financier is Henry Maurice Martin Fisher, and he has operated from a variety of addresses in or around London, two of the latest being at Old Jewry, London, and at Pleasant Road, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

Fisher evidently likes to do things on the grand scale. In one recent venture, for instance, he claimed to be participating in a £10,000,000 municipal contract!

The bitter experience of a woman, who is perhaps one of his worst victims, having been reduced to dire poverty through him, serves to show how skilfully such "big business" stories have been employed.

A year or two ago this woman lived in comfort and security in a large house on the front at Southend-on-Sea. Her future had been adequately provided for by her late husband, who had left her between ten and twelve thousand pounds in gilt-edged securities.

Reduced to penury

To-day—thanks to Henry Maurice Martin Fisher—she is heavily in debt, and with her two children is forced to make her home in two small rooms in a poorer quarter of the town, and to eke out an existence as best she can.

Their acquaintance began when they entered into one or two minor business transactions. Later he professed to be willing to give her the benefit of his financial advice.

One of his first suggestions was that she should hand him £1,000 for investment in profit-paying 5s. shares which he was in a position to obtain at the bargain price of 3s. 9d.

He continually promised to hand her a share certificate respecting this investment, but she has never seen that all-important document to this day.

But before her suspicious were in any way aroused he came forward with more ambitious projects.

He talked of huge contracts, of housing and building schemes in which he was interested, and finally suggested that he could place a golden opportunity in her path.

Here, briefly, is the story he unfolded.

The doomed village

The village of Mardale, in Cumberland, an historic beauty spot more than 700 years old, was doomed. The Manchester Corporation, in order to provide better facilities for supplying their city with water, proposed, with the necessary Parliamentary powers, to erect a huge dam and flood the village.

The countryside for miles around would be submerged and a giant reservoir of some 20,000,000 gallons capacity would be constructed at a cost of £10,000,000.

His biggest undertaking, he confided, centred around a £1,000,000 contract with the Manchester Corporation, in connection with this vast waterworks scheme.

He had been lucky indeed in securing this contract.

At least, that is what he told this woman, and she saw no reason to doubt him.

She knew that he had been in business as a builder and contractor for some time, and he was able to produce photographs and documents relating to the land that was to be the scene of the new reservoir scheme.

Among other things, he was promoting a financial syndicate with the object of raising funds to undertake the work, and he advised her to join him and others in what was beyond doubt a remarkably good opportunity.

She believed, in view of all she heard, that the profits were assured. Was not the Manchester Corporation one of the greatest in the country?

Within three months many thousands of pounds of her capital had passed into Fisher's hands!

She was even persuaded to plunge still more heavily, and to do so she instructed her bank manager to sell her best stocks and shares.

Then came a lull. But Fisher assured his victim that delays and difficulties were to be expected where such a gigantic contract was involved.

Eventually, however, he handed her certain documents which purported to be the security for her investments.

These consisted of two share certificates in a concern called the Ubique Construction Co., Ltd.

Small huts!

Fisher, curiously enough, did not appear as a director of this company, but signed the certificates, under seal, as "secretary." Yet, as we shall later prove, he was really the leading light and had very good reason for directing its affairs from behind this secretarial screen.

The certificates showed the woman to be the owner of £16,000 shares in the Ubique Construction Co., Ltd. But they are quite worthless!

To-day this concern is in liquidation with a total deficiency of £70,000.

Our investigations show that neither Fisher nor his precious company ever obtained any contract with the Manchester Corporation.

His colourful stories of his stupendous part in the new reservoir scheme were, to say the least, gross exaggerations.

In fact, we can reveal that, under Fisher's guidance, the company did nothing more than build eight small workmen's huts in the vicinity!

The trifling nature of this work may be gauged from the fact that it did not even involve a contract, but was arranged through ordinary correspondence.

Nor did his company last long enough to benefit from this work, for the Manchester Corporation had to pay its final cheque to the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy after the landlords of the Ubique Construction Co., Ltd., had seized its furniture and effects instead of rent!

Nor is that the worst aspect of Fisher's scandalous behaviour. At the time Fisher started this company, and throughout the whole period in which he was raising money from different people, he was an undischarged bankrupt!

Only a year before he began his financial overtures to investors he had applied for his discharge and had heard the Registrar suspend it for two and a half years!

In the face of this he had the effrontery to carry on as if nothing had happened and to plunge into fresh schemes with other people's money.

"I don't care"

Now he is bankrupt again. His Ubique company and other ventures have come to grief and his affairs are in chaos.

Yet he has lost nothing of his truculent self-assurance

On six separate occasions his examination in bankruptcy has been adjourned because the Registrar has been unable to obtain from him vital details concerning some of his disastrous transactions.

Fisher just maintains an outward indifference, and asserts, in effect, that he has said all he is prepared to say.

"I don't care for a thousand bankruptcy courts," he declared to one of his victims the other day.

Meanwhile at least one of his dupes has himself been brought to bankruptcy, following transactions with Fisher, about whom he made some very severe comments during his recent examination in the local bankruptcy court.

Hampered officials

Fisher seems content to hold up his bankruptcy proceedings in the way we have shown, and the officials are further hampered because his financial transactions have been so involved. Not the least difficulty presented is that he conducted many of his financial transactions through banking accounts opened in other names than his own.

Fisher may think that by adopting the role of secretary in his Ubique company he has avoided the provisions of the Companies Act which makes it a serious offence for an undischarged bankrupt to act as a director of a limited liability company.

But it is certain that he was the promoter and the leading light throughout its sorry career.

In these circumstances, and in view of all the disclosures here made, we trust he will not be permitted to continue to laugh at the law.

"SUGAR SALESMAN" RAMP

AN interesting swindle is being worked in different parts of the country by a rogue with many names who passes in the extraordinary guise of a "sugar salesman."

His story is untrue from beginning to end, but his victims are legion. A brief warning about his methods should not only assist in curbing his activities, but also, we hope, lead to his early arrest.

Giving the name of William Barry, he called at a Luton hotel the other day and booked apartments for an indefinite stay.

He soon got on friendly terms with the proprietor, and confided that he was the chief agent for a big firm of sugar importers which, through him, supplied provision and confectionery firms like Hartleys, Chivers, Van Houtens and Frys with huge consignments of sugar.

* * *

He did not, however, always confine his operations to big firms, and volunteered the information that he would be willing to enter into a bargain with the hotel proprietor to let him have supplies of sugar at cost-price rates.

The deal seemed quite legitimate in the way Barry suggested it, and the hotel proprietor handed over his cheque. That was the last he saw of Barry; and, needless to say, he has not received the cases of sugar.

* * *

Similar complaints are to be found in Kettering, Gloucester, Reading, Watford and Barry Dock, where his aliases have included those of "William Hudson," "G. Marsden," "H. Shaw" and "S. Matthews."

He has, of course, no right to use the names of the concerns we have mentioned.

In some cases he does not stop at obtaining money in this way by false pretences, but visits the rooms of hotel patrons and steals their valuables and cheque-books.

These particulars about him should be more than sufficient to end his present tour of fraud—at least for some considerable time to come.

TALKIE TALENT HUNT

For the past few months the studios have been engaged on the biggest talent hunt since talkies began. You will soon have an opportunity of picking the new stars of 1934.

Meanwhile, why not look over the likely candidates? Anna Sten, Elsie Larsen, June Vlasek, Vera Allen, Pert Kelton—do these names mean anything to you?

In the male sex-appeal department Harvey Stephens, Howard Wilson and Nelson Eddy look like getting a break. Does that information make your heart skip a beat?

Read "A Flutter in Film Futures" in the *Picturegoer*, and get wise to the stars of 1934.

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Big HOLIDAY DISASTER Scandal

When, because of negligence, this tramcar filled with holiday-makers hurtled to destruction, two people were killed and fifteen seriously injured. The fate of the living victims and the bereaved is appalling

THERE is no end to the variety and callousness of cases in which innocent people who suffer wrong or injury are denied recompense from those responsible for their hurt and loss.

Never has there been an instance of the kind so cruel and pitiful in its consequences as the one here described. It represents the most disgraceful public transport scandal which JOHN BULL has ever had to bring to light.

Millions of people from all parts of Great Britain have made excursions from Llandudno, the flourishing watering place in North Wales, to the summit of the Great Orme by means of the privately owned cable tramway which has been operated there under a special Act of Parliament for thirty years.

Thirteen months ago, it will be recalled, disaster came to this tramway—the worst accident of the kind in this country for many years.

One of the cars was descending from the Great Orme to Llandudno with fifty happy holiday visitors returning to lunch when, at the steepest part of the journey—on a gradient of one in four—it went out of control.

The ten-ton vehicle shot downhill at a speed of sixty miles an hour, but, fortunately, it left the rails and crashed into a wall. Fortunately—because if it had travelled only a few yards more all the passengers would have plunged to terrible and certain death.

Forsaken

As it was, two people were killed outright. One was the driver, Mr. Edward Harris, and the other an eleven-year-old girl who was standing beside him on the front platform and whom he made a gallant attempt to save by leaping with her in his arms.

Fifteen of the passengers were severely injured. One of them, the Rev. Harris A. Levine, the Chief Rabbi of Manchester, who was permanently paralysed by the smash, died three weeks ago from his injuries.

It is the shameful treatment since then of those who were maimed and of the families of the dead which we now expose.

Nothing more heartless could be conceived, and so serious and dreadful are the facts that they point to the urgent need for immediate and drastic Government revision of the conditions under which all privately owned transport services protect the safety of and provide for mishap to their fare-paying passengers.

For what has happened in the case of the Great Orme Tramway Company is possible with any similar undertaking in this country as the company laws and traffic regulations are now framed.

None of the men and women—their homes are in different parts of England and Scotland—who were stricken in this holiday-time disaster or the dependants of the dead have received the financial compensation to which they are entitled—an estimated aggregate sum of about £12,000.

And, as JOHN BULL finds the position, they are not likely to get anything.

Missing brake

The Great Orme disaster, with its melancholy train of suffering and privation among the victims, was neither attributable to what is known as an act of Providence nor to unforeseen and unavoidable causes.

An investigation by the Ministry of Transport has revealed that for many years the company had been guilty of a series of breaches of the statutory regulations under which its business was conducted.

The accident was primarily due to the fracture of a draw-bar which had only been in use for a week.

The draw-bar, it was found, was unsuitable for its purpose, and the use of the steel of which it was made was held to be primarily due to an error of judgment on the part of the general manager of the tramway company. It also had serious forging defects, for which the makers were declared responsible.

Ten days previously, it was discovered, a similar draw-bar on one of the company's other cars had snapped, but this warning had been ignored.

Worst of all, however, was the amazing disclosure that the tramcar involved in the smash *had been working for many years without the automatic brake required by the statutory regulations.*

This brake had been fitted originally, but it was removed long ago by order of the company's manager as being too sensitive.

"Had such a brake been in effective use, the breakage of the draw-bar would have had no serious consequences."

That is the verdict of the official enquiry. In other words, if the regulations had been observed, the disaster would not have happened.

Responsibility for all these breaches, says the report, rests primarily with the general manager, but also to some extent with the directors of the company.

The victims of the disaster naturally felt some uneasiness when, in the months that followed, the tramway company showed no eagerness to meet their claims for their injuries, loss of livelihood, or even for the loss of life.

They understood, however, that after the compulsory suspension of its operations and when its house had been set in order, all would be well.

What they did not know was that the company had no means to pay them. None of its profits had in the past been devoted to building a reserve for such emergencies.

And, graver still, they never suspected for a moment that the company was not effectively insured against the death or injury of its passengers.

Actually, the company was insured against such risks. But the insurance company, in face of the official revelations, has repudiated all liability.

Still the unhappy sufferers retained a firm belief that a tramway company of this reputation, directed by men of substance and position, would inevitably meet its obligations to them.

Most of them belong to ordinary working-class homes. The cost of nursing and medical care—some have had specialist treatment for a year—mounted up, and there was the loss of earning power. The families of the worst injured—one a woman with a fractured skull and lacerated brain and paralysed—have had to sacrifice heavily to provide for them.

One man refused to wait. This was the late Rabbi Levine. Before his death he sued the company for £5,000. It revealed the true position to him and consented to judgment for £1,000.

But even the lesser sum has not been paid. The Rabbi had to instruct the sheriff to take possession of the company's assets.

It was all in vain. *The company at once went into liquidation.*

Headstone demand

At least, it will be thought, the widow of the heroic driver who was killed must have received the workmen's compensation to which she is entitled by law. Not so.

So desperate was her plight that, after long parleys, she agreed to accept an offer of the modest sum of £250. The money was to be paid in a week.

The week passed, but the company is in liquidation, and she has had nothing.

This has not, however, shamed the company. It made a demand upon her that she should revise upon her husband's tombstone an inscription that he was killed on the Great Orme tramway.

This, the widow was told, was a bad advertisement for the company. Of course, she has treated the suggestion with contempt.

The shock of the liquidation over, the injured and the bereaved revived their hope that everything would soon be put right. They thought that the liquidation would realise sufficient to amply meet their claims.

Now the unfortunate people have been given the most staggering blow of all.

The Official Receiver has just struck them and their £12,000 of claims out of the list of creditors. They should, he states, have obtained judgments in the courts.

They are completely in the lurch—broken in health and body by a company which did not take elementary safety precautions in its business and financially broken by the betrayal of their trust that the company would not default in such harrowing circumstances.

Amends?

Tests are going on with a view to the reopening of the tramway, and it is understood that a new company will emerge from the grave of the present one to conduct the undertaking.

The new or reconstructed company need not, of course, inherit the legacy of its predecessor's maimed and dead. It could be free of their claims and deaf to their piteous appeals.

Let us say that the people of Llandudno are indignant that the fair name of this great holiday-place has been so blemished.

They recognise that the blot cannot be wiped out until the consequences have been paid for.

Will weight of public opinion now cause something to be done?

BOOK of the CENTURY

TO-DAY is one of the proudest in JOHN BULL's history. On this day, Britain's national weekly journal makes available to all its readers the immortal record of the thirty-three most stirring years in our nation's story.

In the supplement in this issue you will read of the incomparable presentation production, "The Pageant of the Century." It is much more than just a magnificent book. In more than 700 pages, in more than 1,500 precious pictures, it presents the epic of the twentieth century.

To those who remember the early days of the century, it will be like renewing old acquaintances after many years; to the young folk it will be an inspiration and a lesson in nation-building.

Vital changes have come over our outlook, our customs and daily routine in these thirty-three years. They are shown in fascinating reproductions from actual photographs, playbills, documents, and even fashion plates. We see the infancy of the motor-car, aerial travel, wireless and the kinema.

For any home to be without "The Pageant of the Century" would be unthinkable. It gives permanent form to our most cherished memories.

Turn to the supplement in this issue. See how easily you can secure "The Pageant of the Century." Decide to make it yours within the short period of only six weeks. Every moment of delay means the postponement of a wonderful experience.

"As Man to Man— ISN'T QUALITY WORTH WHILE?"

YOUR OVERALLS MUST BE RIGHT

You know your own job better than we do. And you know you can't make a good job of a piece of work if your materials or tools are third rate. It's just the same with overalls. Pay a "cheap" price and you get a "cheap" job . . . then ten to one you grouse about it. Pay a reasonable price and get a good job like Bolenium Overalls. The toughest overalls ever made for tough jobs. So tough that you'll begin to wonder if you've got them for life. They're *built* . . . not slung together. Double sewn seams with 16 Boot Thread; greaseproof material as strong as elephant's hide; the famous Bolenium exclusive non-slip buckle that stays put; and buttons detachable for washing. Now, man to man, isn't quality worth while? Ask your outfitter, or write for name of nearest stockist.

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BOILER SUIT: Grade 3, 9.11; Grade 2, 12.6; Grade 1, 14/11.
(In Blue and Brown).
Long Khaki Coats, 5/6, 7/6, 9/11.
Long White Coats, 7/6, 8/6, 9/11.

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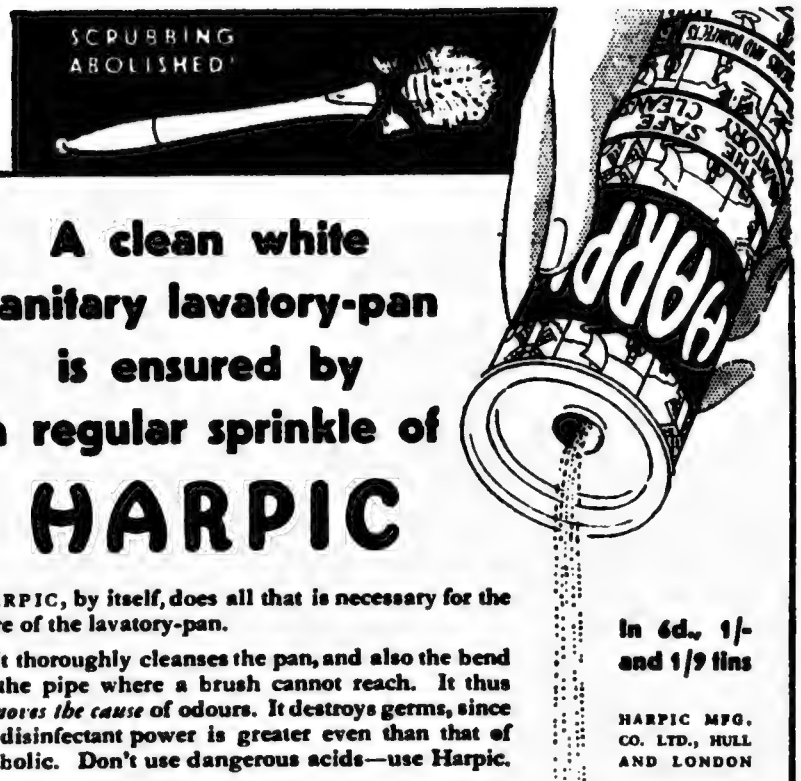

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It thoroughly cleanses the pan, and also the bend in the pipe where a brush cannot reach. It thus *removes the cause* of odours. It destroys germs, since its disinfectant power is greater even than that of carbolic. Don't use dangerous acids—use Harpic.

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Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum daily and keep your skin clear and healthy.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
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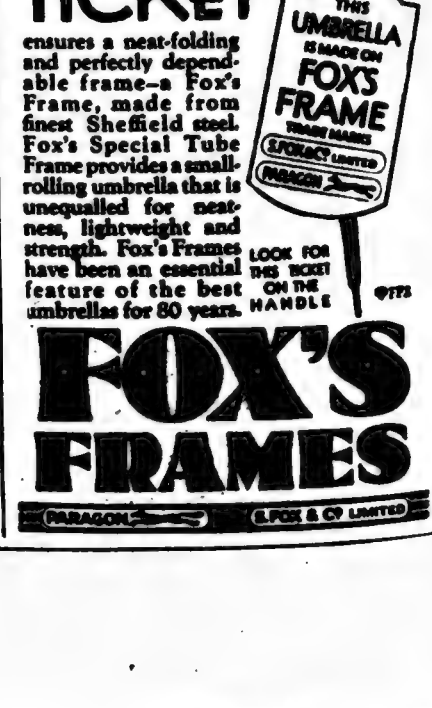


Weekly Informations from Major-General Sir WYNDHAM CHILDS

A Queer MINISTER of CHARITY

MY attention has lately been called to the activities of an organisation known as the Church Office Bearers Evangelising Association, and from enquiries made by my department, it is clear that a general word of warning is desirable.

Since the investigation I caused to be made embraces an area covering London, Birmingham, Bradford, Sheffield, Edinburgh, Dumfriesshire, and Belfast, it will be seen that the activities of this association are on a widespread scale.

Recently engaged in advertising for collectors, the Church Office Bearers Evangelising Association proclaims that its purpose is to provide funds for missions in needy districts, the remuneration offered to canvassers being proportionate to their collections.

Peculiar procedure

That funds in stricken neighbourhoods are urgently required I am well aware; but that any institution that is soundly established should advertise for employees under cover of a box number strikes me as peculiar.

But that is only one of many queer revelations I have to make with regard to this particular organisation.

One of my Belfast readers who answered one of the Church Office Bearers Evangelising Association's advertisements has asked my opinion of a typewritten document called a "Collector's Agreement" he has been requested to sign.

He has been told that his duties as a collector will start from the date of receiving authorised books; that he must report to the secretary each week-end, and hand over the money in accordance with instructions that will be given.

It is with some concern for the pockets of those who generously subscribe to good causes that I note this reader is offered, as a reward for his services a commission of 25 per cent., a bonus of 10 per cent. (by friends of the work), and a travelling allowance of 5 per cent.

So, for every hundred guineas collected, the canvasser would be entitled to £42.

From what remains, the association presumably has to meet all administrative expenses, such as office rent, rates, cost of stationery, advertising, printing, and salaries for headquarters' staff.

One may well wonder, therefore, how much of the money originally collected will finally be left for "evangelising" work.

The Church Office Bearers Evangelising Association, I find, is dominated by one man.

The only name found on the form of agreement is that of the Rev. T. E. H. Jones, who is described as the "organising secretary."

In a letter of recent date he intimates that he has just left the "Manse," Wanlockhead, in Dumfriesshire, and is now to be found at Abington, in Lanark.

I find that this is not the first collecting venture with which the Rev. T. E. H. Jones has busied himself.

It is not so long since he was gathering moneys on behalf of what he called the English Literature Supply Scheme. His literature was then adorned by the name of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Aberdeen and Temair, K.T., G.C.M.G.

Stirring appeal

Announcing that this scheme was for the provision of sound and wholesome reading for patients in infirmaries and in hospitals in England and Wales, Mr. Jones embellished his leaflet with a sketch of a bedridden person greeting a distributor of literature with open arms.

As in his latest evangelising enterprise, he described himself as the "organising secretary."

His stirring appeal for funds was calculated to arouse widespread interest among the 700,000 people in hospitals throughout the country.

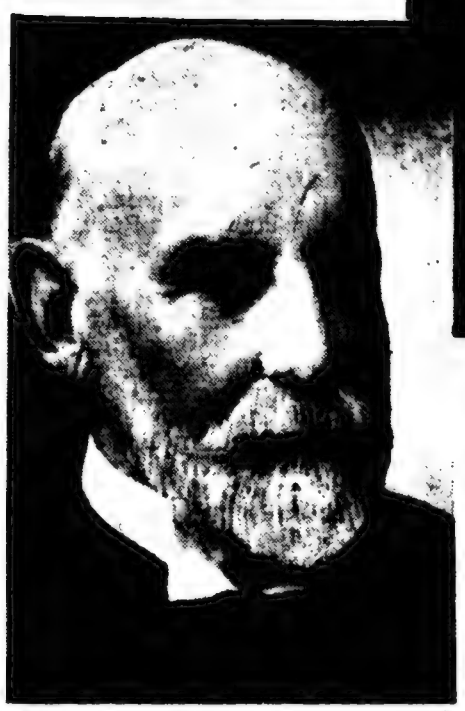
But investigation shows that his printed matter was most misleading.

His appeals were headed from Ruskin Manor, Denmark Hill, London, which was described as the society's "temporary address." I shall comment on this later.

The leaflet contains an imposing list of high Church dignitaries and other people of distinction who were said to have heartily commended the English Literature Supply Scheme.

Among others I note the names of His Grace the Archbishop of York, the Very Rev. Dean Inge, Dr. Dinsdale Young, the president of the Wesleyan Conference, and Rear-Admiral Sir H. H. Stileman, K.B.E.

The names of some thirty distinguished people were thus used. Those who have been approached complain that the Rev. T. E. H. Jones was acting quite without authority.



Rear-Admiral Sir H. H. Stileman. His name was used although he had never even heard of the Rev. T. E. H. Jones!

"The Marquis of Aberdeen immediately withdrew permission for the use of his name"

Ministry resigned

Rear-Admiral Sir H. H. Stileman, for instance, had never heard of this particular clergyman, whilst the Marquis of Aberdeen immediately withdrew permission for the use of his name when he discovered the true nature of Mr. Jones' activities.

Yet all the time he was advertising extensively throughout the country offering canvassers 25 per cent. of all moneys they collected.

And now to return to the "temporary address" which figured at the head of his printed appeals for the English Literature Supply Scheme.

I find that this is a residential hotel at which the Rev. T. E. H. Jones stayed for only a few days. The proprietor has since been much annoyed by the receipt of letters for his departed guest!

It will be seen, therefore, that the whole scheme was most unsatisfactory.

I am not in the least surprised to learn that Mr. Jones has lately resigned his ministry at Wanlockhead.

His present Church Office Bearers Evangelising Association is a movement that should be completely ignored.

TRAGEDY of the SUN

"THAT despot, the sun!" Everybody would have said that was a libel on a kindly, willing friend a few months ago, but the drought has changed all that.

Mansions burnt out before the eyes of firemen helpless for want of water. Whole populations parched by the drying-up of their wells. Farmers ruined by the burning of their crops and hayricks. Tens of thousands of such incidents spread over the whole face of the country!

Yet let us not, in face of a general calamity, blunt ourselves to the individual tragedies involved.

There is a family in Manchester who would find it hard to look on the sun as a jolly, rollicking old sort, as they used to do.

They were enjoying a Sunday at home when beams were playing on the windows and, prying through, seeking out odd corners of the rooms. The mercury was doing its best to burst the thermometer. And the breadwinner, happy that one day a week gave him an opportunity for an afternoon nap, left his wife and two children in the garden and went upstairs.

As he slept, the sun was busy in the room he had furnished by the sacrifices he had made over years. It flamed on the bright case of the bedroom clock and rebounded with even greater ferocity on to the dressing-table. An inch of movement, and it had found the matches.

No need to describe in detail what followed. How the breadwinner awoke and found the room an inferno of flame; of the desperate fight to extinguish it; and the hopelessness of the whole family when they stood, at last, in the gutted remains of a room of which they had been proud.

It was then that they thought of a coupon they once sent to JOHN BULL. There is one like it on page 34 of this issue. The rest was easy.

What might have been a tragedy with a dire effect on their lives proved no tragedy at all in the long run, because a simple act of foresight had covered them against such damage as this.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Unhappy Homes

THE other day I was present at a meeting which was being addressed by one of the ablest women speakers I have ever listened to. She was telling us about life and conditions in India, and I thought that if she could only be heard at the bar of the House of Commons our Members of Parliament would know more about India in a short time than can be learned from Blue Books.

Among other things she said this: "There are more unhappy homes in India than in any country in the world." And she went on to tell some horrifying stories of the mental and bodily tortures inflicted on child wives by mothers-in-law and other adult members of the families into whose power they fall.

Another resident in India, Dr. Stanley Jones, gives almost the same account of the sad and dreary life that the more helpless inmates of millions of homes in India are compelled to live.

He also tells of a conversation he had with a Chinese, to whom he expressed the hope that the peace and security of Chinese homes would soon be assured by the cessation of civil war, and that then they might all be happy.

"Happy!" exclaimed the Chinaman. "Where will you find a happy home in China?"

These testimonies are recalled to my mind to-day as I turn to my letter file and look at the letters of complaint I have received from troubled dwellers in English homes.

After reading them one feels almost inclined to ask whether there are not as many unhappy homes in England as in India or China. I hope not; but I am not at all sure that the happy home life on which we British people are supposed to pride ourselves is as good as we like to believe.

A vast amount of miserable squabbling, jealousy and petty selfishness goes on continually in the homes of rich and poor. Thousands of young people are longing to get away from home and be off on their own; and in many cases there is more bitter enmity between children of the same parents, brought up under the same roof, than between any of them and rivals or opponents in the outside world.

As for revolts against parental control, there is no end to the sorrowful tales that could be told. And still more perhaps come to the knowledge of the public because of the numerous tragical failures of married life.

There was some reason for the Scotsman's cynical toast: "Here's to my friends, and damn my relations." We cannot admire the sentiment; but is it not true of the disruptive, hateful spirit that prevails in many thousands of cases among those who ought to be able to depend on one another through thick and thin, because they are of the same blood?

As a rule, there is something wrong with the person who turns to outsiders for the sympathy and appreciation he or she fails to find at home.

If you are of this company, reader, ask yourself whether the estrangement may not be largely your own fault. Are you thinking more of what is due to you than of what is due from you? Do you fancy you would be happier if you were free to go your own way? That is nearly always a delusion.

A loose violin string is only an ugly piece of catgut. Fasten it on the sounding-board, tune it up tightly in harmony with the other strings, and you will get music out of it—never otherwise.

Who Burned th

For trial—Van der Lubbe, the Communist, said to have been arrested in the burning building

NO case in the political or social history of recent times approaches in significance, in world-wide interest or in drama the trial of five men in the Supreme Court at Leipzig, who face the prospect of sentence of death on a charge of incendiarism unparalleled in its nature and its consequences.

It is a trial the whole world is watching; in a sense a trial at which the whole world will be the judge and jury.

On the night of February 27 last the sky of Berlin was reddened by the flames of a sensational conflagration of far-reaching consequences.

The great building of the Reichstag, the Parliament House of the German Empire and Republic, built thirty-nine years ago by Kaiser Wilhelm II, was ablaze. Within a few minutes, so rapidly did the fire rage, the massive glass roof over the imposing central tower, which dominated the whole of the German capital, crashed with an echo of thunder, reverberating ominously throughout the city.

Into the burning and smouldering wreckage tumbled the massive stone portal, over which was inscribed "To the German People."

"They shall pay!"

The crimson, angry sheets of fire, leaping fifty feet high, illuminated the whole of Berlin, and were clearly visible several miles away; the crashing of the great building into ruins echoed into the far corners of the capital.

Many thousands grimly watched the magnificent and terrifying spectacle.

Among the spectators, and almost the first to arrive on the scene of the disaster, was Germany's Fascist Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, himself, accompanied by the then Speaker of the Reichstag, Captain Goering, the ex-Chancellor von Papen, and Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia, son of the ex-Kaiser and one of Hitler's trusted lieutenants.

Hitler had raced at top speed in a powerful motor-car soon after the alarm was given. On leaping from his car, he gave one sharp glance at the flames, crackling and curling round the great dome, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed: "If this is the work of Communists, they shall pay dearly for it."

Captain Goering had preceded his leader. As Speaker of the Reichstag, he occupied an official residence connected with the Parliament building by an underground passage—the one and only access beyond the normal.

Barely had the fire been put under control than the police authorities announced that it was the work of Communists, and a man had been arrested actually in the burning building.

This man was Van der Lubbe. Not only was he, according to the police, discovered carrying inflammable material, but had in his possession his passport and his photograph. His papers revealed him to be, said the authorities, a Dutch Communist and a notorious incendiary.

The denunciation

Hitler and Goering, with their followers, retired from the pyre of the German Parliament, but less than an hour later the whole of Germany shook with the fury of indignation against the Party whose emissary, it was alleged, had destroyed the visible and beautiful emblem of German democracy.

Before the night was out millions of leaflets were scattered throughout the country by Hitler's National Socialist Party, denouncing the outrage in terms of horror, and accusing the Communist Party, not only of complicity in the destruction of the Reichstag, but of being the active authors of a conspiracy for a widespread national upheaval, of which the burning was to be the first signal. And in this general denunciation the Social Democrats were included.

It is important to note that six days later, on Sunday, March 5, were to take place the German Parliamentary elections, on which was to depend the existence or the death of Hitler's Chancellorship.

No leader and no Party anywhere in the world could have hoped in their wildest dreams for such an electoral weapon as the flaming Reichstag placed in the hands of Adolf Hitler and his associates.

It was to blaze the way for him to begin a campaign of suppression of opponents' propaganda and electoral activity which did much to produce an electoral triumph unprecedented in Germany, and to light his path to supreme power.

That is the true significance and inwardness of the Reichstag fire.

Whoever set the burning brand to this Parliamentary bonfire, there can be no doubt of the service that the flames rendered to Hitler.

What followed was, perhaps, not fully or consciously expected by the people of Germany. The fire not only destroyed the Reichstag building, but destroyed Parliamentary government as well.

On the morning following the Reichstag fire Ernst Torgler, leader of the Communist Parliamentary Party, walked into a Berlin police office and offered to place himself at the disposal of the authorities and to answer in repudiation of the accusation that his Party, and he himself, were concerned in the incendiarism.

He was promptly placed under arrest and charged with complicity in the fire.

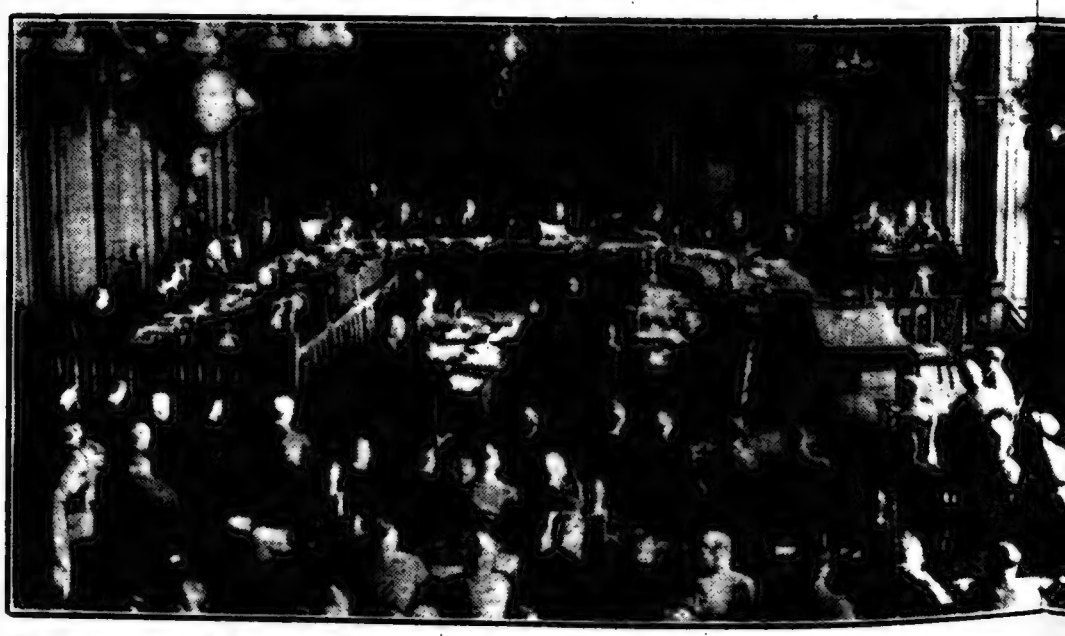
Death penalty

Previously, warrants for the arrest of no fewer than 1,500 persons had been issued. Subsequently, three Bulgarians, also alleged to be Communists, were placed under arrest and charged with complicity in the fire plot.

The trial of the accused men on charges of treason against the German State, involving the penalty of execution by the axe, has already been twice postponed, ostensibly for the consideration of the rapidly accumulating evidence which, it is said, comprises 200 volumes.

Numbers of German lawyers, to whom briefs have been offered, have declined to undertake the defence of the accused men. The defendants have been refused the right to appoint independent counsel of non-German nationality, and the German Government, itself a party to the case, has allotted counsel to perform the duty.

Outside Germany, the intense anxiety of all democratic elements to secure that the fullest justice shall be accorded to the defence of Torgler and his fellow-prisoners has led to the formation of an International Committee, under the chairmanship of Professor Einstein, charged with the duty of collecting evidence for the defence and presenting it to the world.



The Supreme Court at Leipzig where the trial will be held

In addition, an international tribunal of leading international lawyers, sitting in London, has been formed to consider from day to day all the evidence produced in the case, concurrently with the proceedings in the Supreme Court in Leipzig, and to hear evidence and witnesses which will not be permitted at the trial itself.

The details of the evidence which the Public Prosecutor will tender against the accused men have not been revealed. The German authorities claim to be in possession of documents seized in the Communist headquarters immediately after the fire establishing a conspiracy for nation-wide terrorism, of which the Reichstag burning was to be a part.

Torgler, as Communist leader, is held directly and actively responsible. The seizure of Van der Lubbe

the Reichstag?

Five Men on Trial by the World

The ruins of the Reichstag after the great fire

…where

in the full flagrancy of the act of incendiarism is the whole head and front of the German Government's case and the chief evidence of its allegations.

For the defence of Torgler there has, however, been accumulated a great mass of evidence, documentary and verbal, which not only claims to exonerate him from all complicity in the Reichstag burning, but makes the specific and challenging accusation that the Nazi Party itself conceived the plan for the conflagration and that Goering, Speaker of the Reichstag, and now Prime Minister of Prussia, put the plan into execution.

The arrest of Van der Lubbe, who, it is stated, is not a Communist but a close associate of prominent Nazis, is dismissed by the defence as a blatant example of a staged plan. An incendiary caught at the scene of his crime, in the possession of inflammatory material and documents completely establishing his identity, is, the defence claims, too miraculous a stroke of fortune to have any basis other than fiction.

It is incontestable that since the advent of Hitler to the Chancellorship the prospects of his Party at the forthcoming elections had been steadily diminishing. His relations with his political partners, the Nationalists, were strained, and there was no certainty that Hitler would gain the necessary support of the aged President Hindenburg and his associates.

It was openly declared in Berlin that Hitler's Party contemplated some dramatic coup which would sweep it into power.

Torgler himself, in a speech to the Prussian State Council on February 23, declared his suspicions that a plot was in contemplation to stage some sort of outrage which would be used as a ground for the suppression of the Communist Party. Among the plots suspected was an attempted assassination of Hitler. These rumours, said Torgler, "indicated what may yet be expected in the coming days up to March 5"—the date of the elections.

The most remarkable allegations are contained in a memorandum circulated privately by Dr. Oberfohren, the former chairman of the Nationalist Party in the Reichstag. It is regarded as significant that this man has since been murdered.

Captain Goering, Speaker and President of the Reichstag: will the accusing finger point at him?

He confirms the reports of violent differences between the Hitlerite leaders and the Nationalists and that Nazi election prospects were not too happy. Goering and Goebbets, says the memorandum, thereupon decided on a striking and dramatic coup to enable them to sweep the country at the polls. The Reichstag fire was the plan agreed on, and it was decided that it should be fastened on the Communists.

The memorandum reveals in detail the plans for the Reichstag burning. The materials, it is stated, were stored in Goering's house. The Reichstag officials were, in fact, dismissed before their normal time on February 27—the day of the fire—although Goering himself later stated that he had been previously warned of a plot to fire the Reichstag building.

The authorities subsequently alleged that the fire was set alight in twenty places, suggesting that several persons were engaged in the conspiracy.

How, the defence asks, did these persons escape? The answer put forward is that the escape was by way of the one and only underground passage—which led to the official residence of Captain Goering, Speaker and President of the Reichstag.

Murdered Englishman

The case of Dr. Bell is produced as indicative of the suspicious character of the whole circumstances leading to the fire.

Bell, an Englishman, was one of the closest associates of the leaders of the Nazi Party from its early days. He had been adviser on foreign affairs to Captain Roehm, Hitler's Chief of Staff; he was in the possession of every Nazi secret. It was he, the defence alleges, who negotiated for the services of Van der Lubbe, and he knew all there was to know about the secrets of the Reichstag fire.

But Bell was a foreigner. Some weeks after the Nazi victory in the March elections Bell was found done to death.

Important, also, is the case of Herr Gempp, Chief of the Berlin Fire Brigade, who was sharply criticised for the insufficient measures taken to deal with the fire.

He replied that he had been summoned too late and declared that he was expressly forbidden by Captain Goering from issuing a general fire call. Gempp also stated that he had observed large quantities of unused inflammatory material lying about in places in the Reichstag building where the fire had not penetrated.

It is noteworthy that Herr Gempp later withdrew his statement, and the allegation of the defence is that the withdrawal was made under pressure in view of the incriminating nature of its disclosures.

For trial—Ernst Torgler, Communist leader, is held directly responsible by the Nazis

It has been established beyond doubt that Van der Lubbe is a Dutchman who had been expelled from the Communist Party of Holland and had been suspected of being an *agent provocateur*.

That is the story of the burning of the Reichstag and the facts concerning it as far as is known.

Who set the brand which not only destroyed an edifice of stone and mortar, but provoked a revolution and the destruction of the parliamentary system of one of the great nations of Europe? That is the question which the Supreme Tribunal at Leipzig has to decide. It is also the problem which the whole world is asking.

The history of the nations knows no parallel to this case where an independent tribunal conducts a concurrent trial to the proceedings in an independent sovereign state. This involves the inference that doubt is cast on the impartiality of the court which has been appointed to sit in judgment on men to whom the issue is life or death.

Should the judgment of the Leipzig court be "guilty" and that of the international tribunal be "not guilty," the quandary of the German Government will be great and unenviable. It could and no doubt will challenge the right and competence of this other tribunal to sit in judgment, but it will have difficulty in attacking its impartiality and ability to judge.

The world's verdict?

Should the London tribunal, in vindicating the men in the dock in Leipzig, accept the counter-evidence of the defence, and so, directly or by inference, accuse members of the German Government of authorship of the Reichstag outrage, the Hitler régime will face an even stronger hostility than ever in the world.

In truth, the trial is before the tribunal of world opinion, and the question before the court is, Did Torgler and his fellow prisoners commit the crime of the Reichstag fire, and, if not, who were the incendiaries?

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J.B., 23/9/33.

"JOHN BULL" Readers' Stories — 54

VOODOO GOLD

A native priest left his village in the Solomon Islands to tell the white men of strange things . .

I WAS in Sydney City, Australia, out of luck and out of work. My father had been a fairly well-to-do sheep-farmer, and though I had had to work, and work hard, I had never known what it was to be short of money until the great drought, which cleared out all the herbage from the soil and starved off all our stock.

In the days of plenty I had paid a good round sum of money to be taught boxing by no less an artist than the great Larry Foley, champion boxer of the Southern Hemisphere.

He said to me one day, after a more severe lesson than usual, "Say, young man, if ever you are down on your luck and haven't anything else to turn to, you might do worse than take up boxing."

I had laughed at this speech of Foley's at the time, but when I found myself stranded I remembered his words, and turned my face towards his well-known hostelry known as the White Horse.

It was quite a nice hotel, situated in George Street, and at the back of it the old champion had a large hall in which he held boxing-matches.

It was in that hall that Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin, Jim Hall, Bob Fitzsimmons, and a host of others made their mark in the world of pugilism and learnt their business.

STROLLING into his place one morning, I saw him standing close to his free-lunch counter, keeping a jealous guard on the good things spread out for the refreshment of genuine customers.

"Wonder if you remember me, Mr. Foley," I asked. I knew that he prided himself that he never forgot the face of any man he had ever had anything to do with. He certainly remembered me, for, though I say it myself, I had been a very free spender in the days of my affluence.

"You seem to be up against it now, eh?" he said in his sharp brusque manner of speaking. "What d'you think I can do for you?"

"You might give me a job, Mr. Foley."

Without a moment's hesitation Foley replied, "I could put you in the bill to-night if you'd be willing to pick up a fiver."

This was much better than I had hoped for, and I jumped at the chance.

That night I went into the ring to try and stay ten rounds with Bob Turner, one of the hardest-hitting light heavyweights in Australia at that period.

I had known Turner quite well in my palmy days, and had often given him half a sovereign for giving me a lesson with the gloves. That night I had to take about as fine a hiding as ever fell to the lot of a beginner.

Somehow, I managed to keep on my feet for the ten rounds, and for this terrific hiding Foley duly paid me the fiver which he had promised.

AFTER my bout was over, I adjourned to the front bar of the White Horse, when one of two men who had been standing drinking came across and said:

"You did mighty well to-night, and it proves you've got grit, and that's the bedrock of any fighting-man's outfit. I used to see you here boxing as an amateur with Larry Foley, and heard at that time that you were the son of a well-to-do sheep-breeder. What has made you take to the boxing game in earnest?"

I told him in a very few words.

"That's tough luck," he remarked. "Now, listen. I'm the skipper of a South Sea trader, and my friend here is the mate of my craft. We are just outfitting the schooner, the *Nancy Bell*, and in a couple of days we shall be taking aboard our stores for a trip to the Solomons, and loading up our trade goods.

"We were looking round for a likely young fellow who would act as supercargo for us. What do you think of the job?"

My heart nearly leapt into my throat, for such a proposition seemed almost too good to be true, considering my circumstances, but I bridled my delight and said as coolly as I could: "What are the wages of a supercargo?"

"The wage is not big," replied my interlocutor: "£3 a month and all found is the best I can do for you. Take it or leave it, and whilst you are considering it you might as well know all the conditions, so that there will be no misunderstanding later on. You'll have to make yourself generally useful aboard ship as well as act as supercargo."

It did not take me very long to make up my mind, and by the end of the following week I started out aboard the *Nancy Bell* on my first trading trip to the South Sea Islands.

I had expected the life to be crammed full of adventure, and was greatly disappointed when I found out that for the most part it seemed to be rather monotonous than otherwise, until we ran into a little harbour at the third largest island of the far-famed Solomon group.

As if the dropping of our anchor had been a signal prearranged between our skipper and the natives of the island, a score of canoes leapt into view with magical speed, and the crews handling those canoes were experts at the work in hand.

As they came alongside our schooner, it was hard for me to believe when I looked down upon their black faces that only a few years before those men had dabbled in murder as a pastime, and not only in murder but in cannibalism.

THE natives swarmed aboard and fraternised with our kanaka crew, whilst their chief spoke to the skipper and the mate, who soon fixed up business of a gratifying nature with the big men of the island.

As soon as this had been accomplished, the chiefs recalled their men and slipped over the side of the schooner like so many dusky shadows, dropped into their canoes, and raced shorewards as though paddling for a wager.

Only one man remained on board, and he was worthy of a much fuller description than I can afford to give him in the space at my disposal. He was tall, old, bony and hideously ugly, and the skipper introduced me to him, saying:

"This man is the greatest of all the voodoo workers left in the Southern Seas. He is a priest of voodooism and is reputed to be able to do wonderful things in the way of working miracles."

I grinned at this introduction, thinking that for some reason or another the captain was bent upon amusing himself by pulling my leg, and I said so.

"Think so," was the skipper's laconic reply; "well, you're a jolly long way out in your reckoning. I'm not considered to be an over-credulous person, nor am I spoken of in these latitudes as a timid man, but I'll tell you this, sonny: I wouldn't offend this creature for the biggest basket of pearls that a trader ever took out of these waters.

"I have known him to do things I should not care to talk about for fear of being put down as a liar of the greatest magnitude or being classed as a dope fiend."

"What is the old chap's special line of voodooism?" I demanded.

"Don't know that he has any special line. He fits in the work he does with the circumstances that crop up at any given time. Why do you ask?"

"Well," I answered, "I am out to learn things whilst I'm on my travels, and as I've heard this voodooism discussed in Sydney City ever since I was a bit of a kiddie, I'd like to see if there's anything in it."

"You may bet your bottom dollar," answered the skipper, "there's a great deal in voodooism. It's the folks who know nothing about it who condemn it as mere charlatanism."

I THOUGHT over the skipper's speech for a few moments and then said:

"Say, skipper, you seem on very friendly terms with this high priest and you talk his lingo like a native. Just put it up to him that I say that there is no real mystery at all about him or his work, and if he likes I will give him a chance to try his wizardry on me."

"I wouldn't take chances like that if I were you," chipped in the mate.

A strange feeling of perversity had taken possession of me, and I answered the mate, saying, "I'll take the chance, anyhow, if the skipper will put it up to the old boy."

The captain turned from me, and for about five minutes he talked earnestly with the high priest. When he had finished, the old fellow nodded his head as if consenting to some proposition which the skipper had made to him. He then turned and walked straight over to me, and stood looking steadily into my face for fully a couple of minutes.

He was a big man and had on a kind of cloak made of sharks' skins, roughly stitched together with coconut fibre, and all about this cloak were queer patterns made by stitching on sharks' teeth.

Around his forehead he wore a circlet about 3 in. wide made from the skin of a snake, and upon this were fixed pieces of pink and white coral, interspersed with beautiful fragments of mother-of-pearl shell.

Motioning me to take off my hat, he slipped the snakeskin circlet from his forehead and wrapped it round my own head, and then motioned to me to sit on the deck with my back to the mainmast. This I did, chuckling to myself and wondering what kind of tomfoolery the big creature intended to try and work off at my expense.

He did not, however, attempt to hypnotise me or to influence me in any way, but turned and walked back and rejoined the skipper, who was standing

"Motioning me to take off my hat, he slipped the snakeskin circlet off and wrapped it round my own head, and then motioned me to sit on the deck with my back to the mainmast"

—how I missed a FORTUNE

with his back against the bulwarks. So for some five minutes I sat in silence, feeling very much of a fool for having lent myself to such childish trickery, for so the whole proceeding savoured to me.

The last thing I remember was sitting with my back propped against the mainmast and my eyes roving over the cocoanut groves ashore; then, so it appeared to me, I fell asleep, or became entranced.

I did not know which at the time, nor have I ever at any moment since been able to make sure. All I know is that I suddenly woke up or came out of the trance, put it whichever way you like, and when I came to myself I was standing against the bulwarks struggling with the skipper and the mate.

Each of them held one of my arms in a mighty strong grasp, and as soon as I became quite normal this is the tale they told me, the skipper being the spokesman:

"You," said he, "sat on the deck, leaning back against the mainmast for nearly ten minutes with your eyes closed. Then suddenly you leapt up and rushed across the deck, pointing like a madman at something you saw or thought you saw out in the harbour.

"You would have gone over the side in your excitement if the mate and I had not grabbed you and if you had gone over you would have been sharks' meat in no time.

"When we asked you what you saw to get so excited over, you said, whilst still in your trance, 'I can see a full-rigged barque with all her sails set coming across the harbour towards the limestone cliffs which jut out at the far northern end.

"'There's a mutiny aboard the barque, and she's rigged out like a pirate craft and so are all the crew. There's one man who looks like the skipper standing by a number of barrels of gunpowder, and the crew are crowding round him and his officers with knives in their hands and old-fashioned-looking marline-spikes.

"'It's plain to be seen it's a mutiny. The crew have got one of the officers down and are battering him to death.'

"At this stage you became madly excited and shouted, 'Now, now! My God, the skipper's going to blow the ship to blazes! He has fired one of his pistols into an open keg of powder! Good Lord, men, can't you hear the explosion? Can't you hear the powder kegs bursting?

"'Now the mainmast of the vessel comes crashing down, another of the powder barrels explodes, and the ship is ripped open by the concussion and water is pouring in all over her. She has sunk.'

"When you had got this far," exclaimed the captain to me, "you stopped suddenly and buried your head in your two hands and shuddered as though you had the ague, and the next moment you awoke from the trance."

The old voodoo priest stepped to my side and took the snakeskin girdle from my head, and I felt as though a ton weight had been lifted from my brain.

He replaced the circlet around his own forehead and wished the skipper and the mate good-bye and went over the side into his canoe.

That was the last I saw of him for many a year. But, do what I would, I could not shake off the impression that during the trance into which he had thrown me I had gazed upon the reincarnation of a scene that had been enacted in that lovely little harbour long years before.

SIX and a half years later I found myself in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

A man with whom I had done some little business dropped into a seat at my table and without any preamble at all asked if I was open to take a berth on board a ship that was bound on a private quest to the islands.

"It's this way," he added: "the people who are fitting out the vessel have some sort of private game on hand—nothing unlawful, I can assure you, but still strictly private. The wages are good, and the grub on board will be of the very best, and the cruise may last anywhere between three and six months. D'you feel like it?"

I did, and I said so, and within a week I was aboard a rather shabby, but quite useful, small tramp steamer.

We had rather a motley crew aboard and a good deal of diving gear and machinery for hauling up sunken cargo, so I guessed we were going to try to salvage something that had been sunk at sea off one of the islands.

When I came on deck one morning I found that we were just running into that same lovely little harbour where the *Nancy Bell* had swung at her anchor and the voodoo men had come aboard.

The men aboard the salvage craft knew their job, and from the way they set about their task it was very evident that they had what they at least considered to be some most authentic information concerning the locality where the treasure they were in search of might be located.

For fully a week they worked early and late, without the faintest sign of any reward for their labours.

Then they ran towards that same limestone cliff that I had noticed at the far end of the beach on the day of my experiences with the voodoo merchant.

Dropping anchor, their divers were over the side in short order, for they were tiptop men, well paid, and working also on a percentage basis.

I'll have to cut down the story of their activities, but suffice it to say that at the end of eight or nine days they had hauled aboard such an assortment of treasure that could only have been found in the wreck of a pirate ship.

There were iron-bound chests, so rusty and sea-eaten that a tap from a hammer would shiver them to pieces, but the gold and silver ornaments and the raw gold itself that was found in quite a number of the sea-chests were not even tarnished by their long immersion beneath the surface of the sea.

GETTING into a diving-suit, I went below to have a look at what remained of the vessel that lay at the bottom of the ocean, and in a few minutes my observation convinced me that the vessel had been a full-rigged barque, and had been burnt to the water's edge.

In an instant I knew that this was all that remained of the vessel that the voodoo priest had shown to me in a vision.

I told my story to the man in charge of the salvage corps, and his reply was: "Well, shipmate, I dunno whether you're lying or not, but if you're telling the truth, I advise you to go and seek up that voodoo priest again and get him to give you another vision.

"If you can do it, you come and hunt me up, for there's a fortune in it, sonny, if it pans out as good as this enterprise we have just finished."

I did go in search of the voodoo priest, and found him, but for some reason or another he would do no business with me of any kind. Possibly it was because of my attitude of unbelief when dealing with him on the first occasion that had made him hostile to me and to my wishes.

Just how the salvage party had come into possession of the information that led them to the hidden treasure I could never learn.

Anyway, they got the information somewhere, and they got the treasure. I had had my chance, and had thrown the opportunity away. Chances like that are not often vouchsafed twice to any man in this old world.

NEXT WEEK: Arson in a waxworks. A reader's amazing real-life adventure, as announced last week.

What about your boy?

This boy's Mother knows that success now and in later life depends on a properly nourished constitution. She starts the family right every day with a good nourishing breakfast of Quaker Oats.

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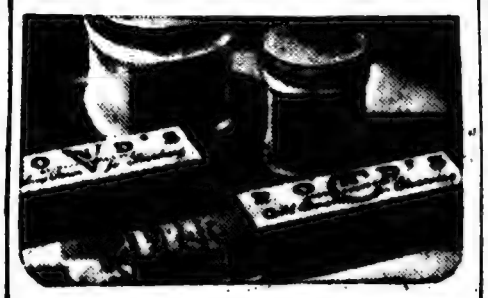

Whom God Hath Joined . .

I DO not often dabble in religious questions, and that for two reasons. In the first place, this country has laid it down that in matters of faith a man has perfect freedom to be either a believer, an agnostic or even an atheist. Everyone is entitled to his own creed, whether it be Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedism, or any other "ism."

My second reason is that religious controversy has created more bitterness than almost every other subject put together. And my task as "Humanist" is to mend troubles, not make them.

But there are some moments in life when it is impossible to keep silent, and this is one of them. On my desk, as I write, are three letters. I pick up the first and I read:

"After eleven years of the worst hell any woman could be called upon to endure I have at last secured my freedom. My divorce will be made absolute in November and I shall be free, utterly free. What that means only those who have had brutal husbands can know. The only peace I ever had was when he was in prison. . . .

"But why waste words on the past? The future is mine, and at thirty-two I hope I am still young enough to enjoy it. What is more, I have met a man who is anxious to marry me, and who will, I believe, make me happy.

"Last night I went to talk the matter over with my priest—I am an Anglo-Catholic—and I came away sore and bruised, as though someone had given me a sound thrashing. He told me that my desire to be married in church could not be granted, because I am a divorced woman.

"He knew all about my past—all the misery and unfaithfulness I have had to put up with. 'That makes no difference,' he said. 'It is the law of the Church.' When I asked him what was the alternative, he referred me to the registry office.

"But I was always brought up in the Church, and, though it may seem trivial to some people, it means a lot to me. I am therefore writing to you to ask for your advice. Does what this priest say apply simply to his own church or is the same ban enforced by all churches? It seems so cruel if this is so."

I AM afraid what this priest says is only too true. The Lambeth Conference Report of 1930 recommended "That the marriage of one whose former partner is still living shall not be celebrated according to the rites of the Church." No distinction is made between the innocent and the guilty.

In my judgment, it is an unnecessarily harsh and cruel edict. I know full well what the Church will answer. It will remind me of the words: "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Yet I cannot conceive that the great Head of the Church would say that a perfectly innocent woman who has had to divorce a brutal husband is not to have her second marriage sanctified by a religious ceremony.

And it seems so illogical from another standpoint.

The law of the land recognises divorce and remarriage, but the Archbishop of Canterbury has said: "I do not wish the clergy to carry out the laws of Parliament."

That surely is not the right attitude to adopt. I hope the ecclesiastical authorities will be compelled by public opinion to act more in accordance with justice and mercy.

Alas, therefore, I have to leave my correspondent without suggesting any way out of her quandary. It is one of those cases that lie outside my power. But probably there is some broadminded man in the Church who will write to me and tell me that he, at any rate, would be willing to perform this marriage ceremony if this woman so desires.

My second letter says:

"For twenty-seven years I have been a local preacher for the Primitive Methodist, now the Methodist, Church, and, although I work hard all the week, yet Sunday after Sunday, in all weathers, I have journeyed, mostly tramped, to the villages round about to take the services.

"It is work that I have greatly enjoyed, and therefore the blow that has fallen upon me is all the harder to bear.

"Let me say at once that I admit that I have done wrong in that I have borrowed money from various people, mostly chapel folk, and in some cases I have not been able to keep my promise to repay it.

"The 'powers that be' came to hear of it, and the result was that I have been struck off the plan, which means that I shall never be able to take services again. Surely this punishment is too heavy for the crime? I should like to know what your views are on the subject."

NOW, nothing would be easier for me than to take up the cudgels on this man's behalf and hurl fierce denunciations at that Church. I could sneer at a brand of Christianity that kicks a man out after twenty-seven years of loyal and sacrificial service. I am not going to do so.

What are the facts? My correspondent tells me that he "works hard all the week." He is not, therefore, like thousands of others, in straitened circumstances through unemployment. He does not say that he has had personal sickness or sorrow to contend with. He does not even tell me that he has a family. For what purpose he borrowed that money I am left in complete ignorance.

Now, there is no crime in borrowing money. But there is in a local preacher making promises which he flagrantly breaks. The Church is often accused of harbouring black sheep within its fold. How frequently people point at certain persons with scorn, and say: "And he professes to be religious!" That kind of thing does more harm to religion than anything else I know, and my correspondent must bear all this in mind.

The test of Christianity is that it ought to make a bad man good and a good man better. If a person sins against the civil laws he is punished. The Church, too, must have its own disciplinary machinery. When one of its leading lights does wrong it must not hesitate to show its displeasure. But it must, equally, forgive the delinquent when his failing has been atoned for.

Now, I am reasonably sure that my correspondent has the remedy in his own hands. Let him show signs of his earnestness to do what is right by repaying that money and by keeping his word in the future. Then it is possible that he will be reinstated in his old office.

Should they break those vows, they will be punished, whether they be guilty or innocent. "It is a harsh and cruel edict"

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My third letter comes from a man who tells me that three years ago he started as a grocer in a small town in the West of England. He goes on to say:

"A man I know opened a boot shop in the same place just about a year before I began business, and he has prospered far more than I have. He says quite frankly that this is due to his going regularly to church, although during the rest of the week he swears and carries on something terrible.

"The other day he asked me how business was, and when I told him not too good, he said: 'You know, you're missing the boat!' When I asked why, he said: 'You should go to church, like I do.'

"Now that, to me, is sheer hypocrisy. I am not a saint, by any means, but I don't somehow like the idea of stooping to practices of that sort. Yet, when I think of the advantages, it makes me waver.

"My worries would decrease and I should be able to pay my bills promptly. It would enable my wife and children to have some of the things they need and which I am now unable to provide."

THIS is a very common problem. Over and over again I have heard it said: "You know why he goes to church—it is simply for business reasons." Now, the question is—if that is true, is it worth while? Should a person deliberately stoop to dishonourable practices for the sake of material gain? Every man must decide for himself.

I don't think my correspondent could do it. He regards it as "hypocrisy." If he went to church with that idea in his mind he would come away feeling not quite clean.

Are there no steps my correspondent can take which will improve his business without doing violence to his conscience? Can he not show an interest in local affairs by joining a social club or a political organisation, or engage in some of the activities of the neighbourhood? He may just have buried himself in his own shop—a most unwise proceeding, especially in a small town.

After all, where does the power of advertisement come in? It lies in bringing the name of a certain commodity constantly before the minds of the public. And that is what I am advising this man to do on a smaller scale. When people see him they are naturally reminded of his business and, if he gives them the impression of being a "good sort," it will prove a definite asset to his establishment.

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"I was nearly nodding . . .

It seems funny to be sitting here on the front as if I'd bought it . . it's wonderful how doing nothing comes so natural like to a body . . ah well, this time on Monday I'll be at Mrs. Kendrew's getting the things out of the copper . . it's been a nice change, but I won't be sorry to get back . . I wonder how that Annie's been shaping . . hope she minded about the ironing and Robin Starch. I'll lay she's done the things so nice there won't be any room in the same kitchen with her . . still, we've all got to live, and the young people must learn."

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Because your dog's skin is non-porous he cannot purify his blood by perspiring, and unless you help him by providing him with Bob Martin's Condition Powders, which keep the blood pure, you will never see him at his best. The correct way to keep your dog healthy is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day for two consecutive days each week. START TO-DAY, and be proud of your dog for his fitness and intelligence.

1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores. L.S.J.

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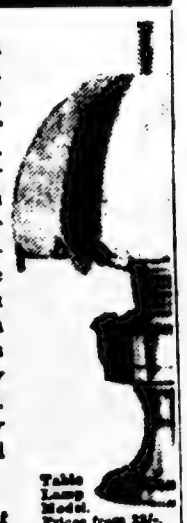

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The colour does not make the paraffin but is your guarantee that you are getting the best oil obtainable. Substitutions are recognisable, therefore, for your own sake, always ask for and get Aladdin Pink Paraffin.

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LETTERS STAMPED —by FRAUD

SOME weeks ago JOHN BULL exposed the methods of a gang who were robbing the Revenue authorities of thousands of pounds by obliterating the cancellation marks on Health Insurance stamps.

Since that exposure it is known that this fraud has dwindled almost into insignificance. New facts have, however, come into the possession of JOHN BULL concerning the activities of another gang whose spoil is the ordinary postage stamp.

The head of it has discovered that, by the use of a little ingenuity — plus a chemical that can be purchased at any chemist's shop for a matter of a few coppers—the cancellation marks on these stamps can be removed with a minimum of trouble, and without possibility of detection.

It is also known that the special detective organisation employed by the General Post Office has been endeavouring to track down the rogues responsible for the frauds, which have become so grave that the postal authorities compute that their losses are in the region of at least £500 a week—and are growing steadily.

The "cancelled" stamps are easily disposed of. There are many unscrupulous firms in certain quarters of London—and in the provinces, too—who depend on a heavy circular mail to carry on their business activities.

In the usual way their bill for postage stamps will run into a matter of £50 to £60 a week. They readily buy the requisite number of stamps from the gang who are engaged in "renovating" used stamps, which have already been cancelled by the Post Office, at less than half that cost.

THERE is no risk of detection. There is nothing to indicate that the stamps are not new—apart from the fact that they are loose, instead of being in sheets, as they are when purchased in bulk from a post-office.

No elaborate laboratory is required for this fraud; there is no need even for any special apparatus. Given a large table and a certain amount of the required chemical, which is "watered" down after being purchased in powder form, the stamp which has already passed through the post (and has been "cancelled" by one or other of the slogans adopted by the Post Office) can be made as good as new inside a few seconds.

It might be thought that the Postmaster-General, whose unenviable task it is to keep a check on the activities of such gangs, would have been glad to receive information which, while not making it possible to catch the gang red-handed, could so nullify their efforts that the game would not be worth the candle.

We have information, however, which rather makes us wonder. . . .

A JOHN BULL reader happened to be in the offices of a certain London firm whose daily postbag is a huge one. While there he chanced to overhear the request of a stranger, who asked that he might be allowed to collect used British postage stamps from the firm's wastepaper bins on condition that he also cleared away the envelopes on which they were affixed.

It struck him that the request was a strange one, and, on reflection, he thought it quite possible that the stamps were being collected for an unlawful purpose.

This wonderful little machine "cancels" postage stamps at an incredible speed—yet those same stamps can be made as "good as new" almost as quickly!

So he decided to experiment for himself.

He bought certain coloured ribbons, and, after a few days, by the judicious mixture of certain quite inexpensive chemicals, he could change the colour of the ribbons from red to white, from blue to pink, and so on. In no case was the fabric of the material affected, although he had purposely bought ribbons that were sold for a few coppers for several yards.

Then he applied the method to envelopes with stamps affixed—stamps that had already been cancelled on their way through the post. Inside a week he had mastered the problem—and inside five seconds he could at will, and with the greatest ease, remove all sign of the previous cancellation.

A representative of JOHN BULL was present during one of these experiments—and, after the "cancelled" stamp had been subjected to the chemical mixture evolved by our reader, it was impossible to say that it had ever been used—nor was the texture of the stamp affected in any way.

Our reader then turned his attention to the necessity for finding a remedy that would make the fraud impossible. This he did.

He wrote the Postmaster-General on June 25, enclosing specimens of stamps that had been treated by his method after cancellation, and mentioning that if a certain addition was made to the cancelling inks used by the Post Office, it would be impossible for the cancellation marks to be removed from a stamp.

On June 26 he received a letter from the Postmaster-General's private secretary, stating that the matter was "receiving attention."

SOME days went by, and then, on July 4, the Postmaster-General sent a further letter, stating that "the enquiries he had caused to be made into your suggestion about the composition of the obliterating ink used in the Post Office are not yet completed."

Our reader next took the trouble to photograph a stamp from which he had removed the obliterating marks one hundred times its usual size—and emphasised, in sending it, that there was no sign that the stamp had ever been through the post.

The Secretary to the Post Office answered that with an official postcard, dated July 6, containing the information that the further letter was "receiving attention."

On July 27, the JOHN BULL reader again wrote to the Postmaster-General, through the Secretary to the Department, pointing out that he had made further experiments, including some with foreign stamps, and had found that it was almost impossible to remove the obliterating marks on the foreign stamps, because the paper on which they are printed is much more absorbent, and that, therefore, when the obliterating machine covered them with ink, the ink "soaked" in.

British stamps, on the other hand, being printed on better paper, with a strong "backing" of gum, did not possess the same absorbent quality, and it was therefore imperative to add something to the ink used.

And once again he forwarded for the Postmaster's inspection a stamp, used on a letter only the previous day, from which he had removed most of the cancellation stamp—leaving just sufficient to prove that it had been through the post in the ordinary way.

Once again there came an official postcard. His letter was "receiving attention."

Days went by. Then he wrote again to the Postmaster-General, on August 3, pointing out that he had demonstrated that stamps cancelled by the present methods could be used again with ease, and stating that he had given the Postmaster-General the result of his experiments—with the necessary "antidote" that would prevent fraud.

And, as he was perfectly entitled to do, he asked that he might receive some remuneration for his time and trouble in the interests of the general public.

Nine days later, on August 12, he received a letter from the Secretary's Office, which stated:

"THE Postmaster-General is informed by his technical advisers that, if the ink at present used for date-stamping letters is properly applied, it is difficult to clean the postage stamps in such a manner that they can be re-used without fear of detection.

"The Postmaster-General has also considered the question of altering the surface of the stamps so as to make them more permeable. As, however, the sheets have to be handled on several occasions, he does not consider that any such change would be advisable.

"The quality of the ink is a matter for continuous test and experiment: and suggestions designed to ensure the more effective obliteration of stamps by alteration in the ink composition, and other means, are constantly being received from members of the public and the staff of the Post Office.

"You will appreciate that the subject is one to which attention has already been directed, and, in any event, it has not been possible to adopt your suggestion."

It will be noticed that the Postmaster-General admits that "continuous test and experiment" is directed to the effort to try to make the ink now used for cancelling stamps completely effective.

It is also obvious, from our reader's own experiments in the easy removal of such obliterating marks, that the efforts of the Postmaster-General's "technical advisers" to stop the re-use of "cancelled" stamps have failed.

Why, then, has our reader's suggestion not been adopted? He has shown how this can be done—cheaply and effectively. In the meantime, the Post Office—which means the national revenue—is being defrauded of large sums of money every day.

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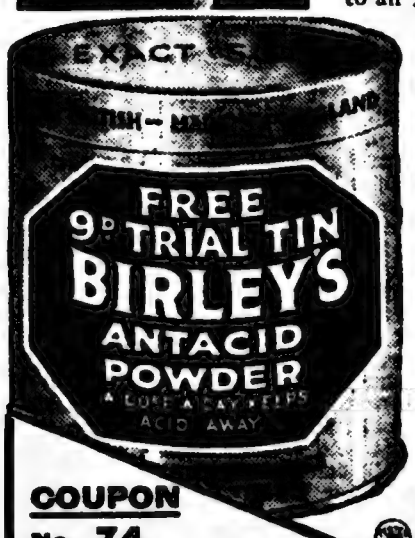
. . . I will do my best to recommend your Powder to all I meet. You are quite welcome to use my letter"—writes **Mr. K. C. HONE,**
61, Rylett Crescent, Shepherd's Bush, W.12.



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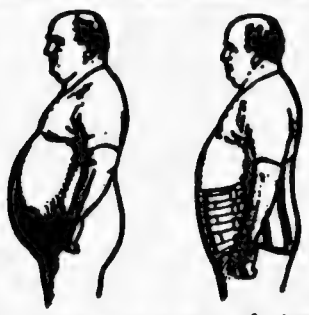

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But be careful to ask for PHILLIPS Yeast. Then you can be sure it is really Pure Live Yeast with all its properties intact and no added drugs. At all chemists 1/3 a bottle. Family Size 3/-. Interesting Booklet free from Phillips Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept 12) Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES TRY THIS RECIPE

Eating as much meat as we all do puts a severe strain on the kidneys. That is why backache is so common, for after a time the kidneys get sluggish, and then we have pains in the back around the kidneys, torpid liver, and all sorts of bladder trouble.

Here's a simple recipe everybody ought to take, particularly if you have the slightest sign of backache or any bladder disorder. Just go to your chemist and get an ounce of ordinary Carmarole Compound. Take 8 or 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water after meals. If tablets are more convenient, see if he has Carmarole ready made up in tablet form.

You'll be amazed how quickly this simple Carmarole treatment does you good. All your pain will go: if your bladder has been out of order, you will stop getting up through the night. You will sleep better, feel better, be better in every way.

Don't forget. Just an ounce of ordinary Carmarole Compound, but he will probably have it in tablets if you prefer.

by **Sir HENRY WOOD,** *the famous Conductor*

The "PROMS" were BORN *in my Greatest Hour*

Sir Henry Wood to-day and (inset) a portrait taken in 1895 when he conducted the first Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts

APART from purely personal memories, all my great "hours" have been associated with music. And undoubtedly the greatest of them all was when I laid down my baton after the first Promenade Concert at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, on August 10, 1895.

For then I realised that the venture had made a good beginning and that there was every prospect of its future success.

This gave me the greatest pleasure imaginable, not only because of my own personal feelings, but because I felt that it was the commencement of musical appreciation for thousands of people.

I could not, of course, foresee that these thousands would become millions through the arrival of broadcasting.

It was indeed a wonderful hour, and as each succeeding season has arrived, I have lived through it again. In fact, when I stepped on to the rostrum on August 12 of this year, to conduct the first concert of the thirty-ninth season, that Saturday night of thirty-eight years ago was very green in my memory.

It is not easy for people to-day, especially the younger generation, to realise how few opportunities there were to hear good music at a reasonable cost thirty or forty years ago.

Gramophones and the coming of wireless have changed all that. My gardener, for example, listens-in to all the concerts, and has an intelligent knowledge of music. He is typical of millions to-day.

Thirty-eight years ago conditions were entirely different; how could people appreciate all that was best in music when they only had the opportunity of listening to the great orchestral masterpieces at the Philharmonic and Crystal Palace concerts?

This alone would, I think, provide sufficient reason for my choosing this particular "greatest hour."

Now let me tell you as briefly as I can the story of how it all came about—how the "Proms," as they are popularly called, were born. Like so many of the great events of life, it all began in a very simple way.

THE Queen's Hall was built in 1893, and actually changed hands during the time when it was being built. My friend Robert Newman was the first lessor, and one day during the early part of 1895 we were both in the hall, looking round and talking, when I happened to remark what a splendid place it would be to hold Promenade Concerts.

"Indeed it would," replied Newman, interested immediately. "We will have some of these chairs cleared out and have another look round to-morrow."

Well, we had another look round, and another talk, and we both became more than ever convinced that the idea was a good one. Then a very big problem loomed up.

"I have not got any money for such a project," sighed Newman.

And I was forced to make a similar confession.

I think we both laughed for a moment at the way we had been building castles in the air, without a thought as to this practical and all-important point.

But the solution of our financial problem was at hand. We happened to speak of our ideas to Dr. Cathcart, the Harley Street specialist. Always a great and generous patron in the cause of music, he at once offered to finance our scheme provided the concerts were conducted by me.

"No one knows me," I demurred. "I have only conducted for the Carl Rosa Opera Company and Lago's Italian Opera."

"Nonsense," snapped Dr. Cathcart. "These concerts are a good idea, and you will have to conduct them."

So that is how our project was launched.

Only a few nights ago, Dr. Cathcart came round to see me after the concert and, during our chat, reminded me laughingly of that distant occasion.

As you may imagine, there was plenty of preparation to be made, but Robert Newman's enthusiasm was unbounded.

There were plenty of problems to contend with, too. Programmes called for endless thought. We could not give people Bach in those days; they had not been educated to him. Most of our programmes were miscellaneous, though among the exceptions there were Sullivan nights.

At last all arrangements were complete, and the fateful Saturday night arrived. Tickets were a shilling for the promenade and half-a-crown and three shillings for the best seats. One guinea would buy a ticket for the whole season of 61 concerts.

It was a fine warm summer evening and people arrived in good time, and there was soon a packed hall. I do not think we had quite the queues we get to-day, but there were plenty of people lined up long before 8 p.m.

The hall looked very attractive with its decoration of palms and fairy lamps, while a miniature fountain played in the promenade, its fernlike, glistening spray reflecting many coloured lights.

And we introduced one daring new idea in a concert hall. We permitted smoking!

RIGHT up to the last moment we were full of excitement. The orchestra leader, Mr. Frye Parker, and the accompanist, Mr. H. Lane Wilson, shared our grim determination that the venture should succeed.

At last the clock of All Souls church struck eight, and the concert began. We opened with the overture to "Rienzi," and were rewarded with most enthusiastic applause.

I remember that one of the most interesting pieces of the performance was the "Vorspiel" to the second act of Cyril Kistler's Comic Opera "Eulenspiegel," played for the first time in England.

Mr. Firangcon Davies was praised by the critics next morning for having given such a dramatic rendering of the prologue to "Il Pagliacci," whilst a bass, Mr. Peterkin, sang Vulcan's couplets from "Philemon and Baucis."

So the great hour grew nearer and nearer. Many times during the evening I looked towards Dr. Cathcart, who was sitting in the audience, and felt tremendously determined that his generosity to this cause and his belief in myself should be rewarded.

At last, the final notes of the National Anthem died away, and I laid down my baton. There was a tremendous burst of applause. My great hour had come; the venture had been splendidly received.

I do not think that I had ever doubted the success of the concert. I knew that every member of the orchestra was keyed up to do his utmost, but when the final hour came I was scarcely prepared for the reception we received.

YOU can imagine how there were congratulations all round. Robert Newman and Dr. Cathcart were both satisfied that this was just a beginning, and that there were long years of success and public appreciation ahead.

So I can look back with great happiness to that hour, for now the world knows that their prophecies were correct.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

HOME COMPANION:—"The sea HAIR plays havoc with complexions."

DUBLIN EVENING HERALD (under heading of "Matrimony"):—"Wanted, Secondhand GUILLOTINE, 30-in. to 48-in. blade."

SHEERNESS TIMES:—"Greyhound RAVING proved a popular feature of the programme."

GLASGOW EVENING TIMES:—"She saw a handsome saloon CAR complete with uniformed driver."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"Miss —— ROBBED convulsively during her evidence."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Men will be seen precariously walking the greasy POLICE."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Little change occurred in stores shares, J. Barker being UNHANGED at 67s. 6d."

EVENING CHRONICLE:—"Mr. —— gave an address at the city club this afternoon on the duties of the office he fulfilled at the international LATHERING."

SCARBOROUGH EVENING NEWS AND DAILY POST:—"When he was testing his machine over the aerodrome here it got into a SKIN and crashed."

DAILY RECORD:—"From the meeting there arose one of the greatest LIVE affairs of history."

ENGLISH MECHANICS:—"The commutator, being of such exceedingly small dimensions, is composed of 18 CWT. gold."

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10	7	7	£3 15 0	5/0	6/6	£1/2/6
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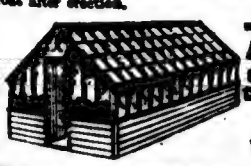

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10ft.	7ft.	7 ft.	4 ft.	£4 17 6	8/6	
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9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	4ft.	£4 15 0	8/-	
10ft.	7ft.	7½ft.	4½ft.	£5 17 6	10/0	
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£8 0 0	14/0	
15ft.	9ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£9 15 0	17/6	

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7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	4ft.	£4 15 0	8/6	
9ft.	6ft.	7½ft.	4ft.	£5 17 6	10/6	
10ft.	7ft.	7 ft.	4½ft.	£7 2 6	12/6	
12ft.	8ft.	8ft.	8ft.	£9 10 0	15/6	
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The remedy for such a condition is simple. Hundreds of thousands have already found in it the means to keep on keeping young. If you, too, think you are beginning to feel the weight of Time's hand on your shoulder, just do as they have done. *Start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!*

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets are prepared under the direction of Dr. E. Buergi, Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, and are the result of prolonged research into the causes of the decline of the body's vital forces in middle age. Their essential constituent is the basic substance of all the vital energy in our world.

A course of these tablets revitalizes the blood, rejuvenates the arteries, fortifies the heart, accelerates the processes of metabolism by which the wear and tear of the body is repaired, and increases all physical and vital forces, *irrespective of age.*

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"65—yet better than I can recollect"

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OXYDOIN
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Is Cub-Hunting Humane?

The Dark Deed— and the Other Side

The article, "A Dark Deed for a Bright Day," recently published in "John Bull," describing a revolting scene at the "digging out" of fox cubs, shocked many of our readers.

We are glad to learn from others that the incident described is in their experience an exception and not the rule. For that reason we print the following article by a foxhunter.

YES, I am one of those who are not ashamed to say that they delight in the early morning joys of the autumn cubbing; delight not in death, for the death of even the cruellest of English animals has something of sadness.

But death must come to all things of the wild—and it may come in many ways to foxes.

It may be the slow, grinding death of the steel-toothed trap which is used in Scotland, where there are few "cruel foxhunters" to keep down their numbers, where sometimes you may find a severed leg in the jaws and a three-legged vixen in the heather.

It may be the piece of poisoned meat flung down near the henhouse, to be picked up by fox or by dog, or by any living creature that may stroll near. Or it may be even the lingering, gangrened death of the ill-aimed gunshot wound, or the "natural" death of starvation.

Then, again, my experience of cubbing, stretching over a score of seasons, covering a dozen different packs as far apart as Yorkshire and Devon, seems to have been different from that of the writer of a recent article in JOHN BULL. . . .

At five o'clock the harvest moon is sinking behind the hilltops. Down in the valley the silver wreaths of the morning mist are flushed with pink where the first rays of the rising sun are tinting the east. The leaves are jewelled with dewdrops, and the clickety-clack of the horses' hooves is rousing the sleeping cottagers.

Cubbing is not merely—indeed, is not mainly—a question of "blooding the young entry." Two days before, the Master has received complaints of the damage done by the foxes in the henroosts of the farm by the valley forge. Foxes down in Marlpit Wood have accounted for seventeen pullets, carrying away two or three and leaving the rest in a carnage of blood and feathers.

THERE are two old foxes and four or five cubs, but the cubs are far from being babies, and are so well grown by the end of August that it is difficult to tell which is the young 'un and which the old customer. So something must be done if any of the hens are to survive until Christmas.

Four red coats, faded to mulberry in the half light of the dawn, indicate the Master and the hunt servants. Half-a-dozen followers on young horses they have brought out to school, two or three sporting farmers, a score of countrymen on foot, are converging across the country to the bridge where the meet is fixed.

There is no ceremony, none of the pageantry of the legitimate season, and business first is the rule.

Scarcely a moment's pause on the bridge, where the hounds roll for a little on the grass plot by the signpost. Just enough time for a few "Good mornings" to be exchanged, and for the farmer whose hens have been killed to murmur to the Master the place where the cubs are likely to be lying.

And now the whole cavalcade is tittupping off to the covert, the stronger now for two or three late-coming farmers on their unclipped cobs, and the brighter for the first golden beams of the risen sun, and the clean-washed light of the morning.

A rabbit, still warm, with a gash in its neck, the scattered feathers and torn-off wing of a young pheasant, are ominous signs that foxes are still abroad.

The second whip and a couple of farmers canter off by the corner of the wood to take up their posts of vantage and with an "Eleu in; Eleu in tha" from the huntsman, the work of the morning begins.

Now and then, from the edge of the wood, you can catch a glimpse of the waving stern of the hound, as he draws through the brambles.

Now near, now far, as he weaves his way through the wood, comes the ringing "Yo-Hoooo" of the huntsman, as he encourages the young hounds to search every corner of the undergrowth.

Now and then you hear the excited whimper of a puppy or an excited yelp as he dashes off after a rabbit scuttling into its burry, and the stern "Have a care there, Ravager," as the first whip rates him for his error.

BUT now there is a new and deeper note in the varied music of the woodland. The harsh shriek of a jay, as it rises out of the oak trees, gives place to a deep-toned, doubtful whimper, which changes to the full, confident cry of an old hound recognising the scent that it loves so well.

The solo yields to a chorus. Scrambling through bracken and undergrowth, the old hounds race to the spot.

Take your place in one of the rides of the wood now and watch the puppies learning to hunt. Watch first one, then another, of them leaving the huntsman's heels, and, dropping his head, stoop to the scent with a squeal of excitement. Observe how first one, then another, of the hounds snatches the lead and gives tongue in triumph as they follow the catchy scent of the morning drag left by the cubs returning from their night's wandering.

But keep an eye open, too, for the ditch by the hedgerow, and within a few minutes after the cry of the hounds has aroused the echoes, you will see the slinking brown form of the vixen creeping quietly away from the tumult under the nose of the whipper-in's horse, as he sits motionless as a statue watching her go.

And now there are two or three cubs afoot in the woodland. Four or five couple of hounds are disentangling the puzzle set by one, while the rest of the pack is hot on the scent of another.

Then minutes . . . a quarter of an hour . . . passes, as first one, then another, of the watchers catches a glimpse of the slinking brown form of a well-grown cub.

Then suddenly the cry of the hounds rises to a crescendo, one of the cubs has run straight into the middle of the main body of the pack—and in a second death has come, quick and clean.

Maybe by now the rest of the litter has been scattered into neighbouring coverts, and the hens at the farm will be safe for the present. Maybe another cub must be killed before the business is over, and, if the country is honeycombed with earths, he may take refuge in a rabbit burry.

A cubbing meet in Kent—moving to a new covert

NOBODY likes to see cubs dug out of the earth, but in some hunting countries it is vitally necessary in the interests of the farmer, and the business, wherever I have seen it, is done as quickly and humanely as possible.

First the yap-yap of the terrier shows whereabouts in the earth the cub is lying Then, with mattock and spade, two or three of the farm hands set to work to dig

Down they work to the point where foxy eyes may be seen peeping out of the earth. A stick is poked gently down, on which the fox closes his teeth, and a strong, firm hand lifts him out, while a firm blow at the base of the skull kills him instantaneously.

Then the pack, which has been drawn away by the huntsman, breaks him up in a moment with such a burst of hound music as makes it wholly impossible to hear any other sound.

If there are two cubs taking refuge in the earth, one may be killed and the other left to live in the woodland.

And so I am one, one of thousands, who are not ashamed to drink in the beauty of the morning, and, while regretting the death of a living creature, are glad that the death that comes is a quick and clean one, instead of the lingering death that is the foxes' portion in those parts of the land where the foxhunter is unknown.

K. D.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

"Properly Destitute"

WE cannot give a photograph of Charles, as his face is in bandages, but we quote his father's appeal:

"I am making this appeal to you, as my wife has had a very bad illness and nervous breakdown, owing to my child, aged five, having been knocked down by a motor-car. His face is greatly disfigured, and his ears discharge terribly.

"I have not been able to get any work, and he has to have nourishing food, which it is impossible for me to get him, with seven children under fifteen years old.

"None of the children has a change of clothes or a pair of boots to wear. We are properly destitute."

There is no compensation for the boy's accident, and all his parents have coming in is 26s. a week. Their rent is 12s. 6d. a week and their rates £1 a quarter. Both rent and rates are in arrears.

Charles, our readers will gather, is in need of a Good Samaritan to come and bind up his wounds. There is no need to cross the road to do this. All that is necessary is to send donations earmarked "Charles," which should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of donations are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to any part of the world to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

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Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page is *your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

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Many thousands of our Overseas customers have already been successfully treated in this way. Distance is no handicap. Brooks branches and sales agencies are everywhere. For your convenience a list of our Overseas depots is given below. Use one of these addresses if you wish.

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Wherever you Live—Satisfaction is Equally Certain

If you find it more convenient to call at (or write to) one of our Overseas Branches listed below, please do so. You will have the same complete assurance of satisfaction as if you were treated from our London or Manchester offices.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day.

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No matter if your rupture is old and severe, or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this *No-Risk Trial Offer.*

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If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute, or misunderstanding.

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1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

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3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon TO-DAY, to your nearest Sales-Agency (see list opposite) or to either our London or Manchester Offices.

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BRITISH GUIANA.—Bookers Drug Stores, Georgetown, Demerara.
CEYLON.—Cargills Ltd., Colombo, Kandy, and Nuwara Eliya.
CHINA—A. E. Watson & Co., Ltd., The Hong Kong Dispensary, Alexandra Buildings, Hong Kong.
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INDIA.—Eastern Electric and Engineering Co., 175, Hornby Rd., Fort. Bombay. B. K. Paul & Co., 1/3, Bonfield's Lane, Calcutta. Nusserwanjee & Co., Mache Miani Road, Karachi.
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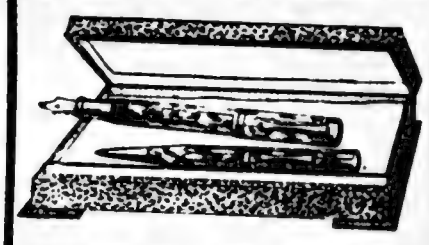

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When I Wept Tears of Joy

"The white cliffs of England"

WHILE farming in Canada, six years ago, I had 150 acres of wheat, promising a good season's return.

Business called me to the city one August day, and while there a friend from my district told me a devastating hailstorm had destroyed valuable crops near mine. My wheat was uninsured and loss meant ruin.

Driving rapidly home, I went to survey my wheat crop, expecting to find it wiped out, but it had been left unscathed. My "bumper" crop was saved. Didn't I weep tears of joy?—*F. Dunn, Darlington.*

Trying Wait

From the time my baby was born there was always present the fear that he might inherit the same affliction as that of my two sisters and one brother—that of being deaf and dumb.

I had to wait until the usual time that babies first begin to talk, in terrible anxiety, until the blessed day arrived when I first heard my baby call "Mamma."

Then indeed tears of joy ran down my cheeks.—*V. Hammond, Kent.*

Silent Suffering

We were chums—two boys sharing each others' joys and sorrows, inseparable. Then one afternoon we quarrelled. I lost my temper and struck at him with the nearest thing at hand—a hammer. He fell insensible at my feet.

Days of remorse and mental anguish followed. My chum lay in bed, hovering between life and death. Conscience-stricken, I suffered in silence.

Then one day he opened his eyes and whispered my name. I knew that the crisis was over and my spirits soared upward. Kneeling at my chum's bedside, I wept tears of penitence and joy.—*E. B. W., Greenock.*

Near Thing

Some years ago I was driving an excursion train taking about 800 people to a seaside resort.

Approaching a station, I was rounding a slight curve, when, to my horror, I saw a stationary goods train on my line about 200 yards ahead.

I jammed on the brakes; the sparks flew. Oh, the agony of those moments! The guard also used his brake, and my train just bumped harmlessly into the other.

I blubbered like a child, but the tears were of joy that no disaster occurred.—*William Henry, London, W.*

Through the Shadows

The silence in the room where I sat waiting could be almost felt. I scarcely dared to breathe loudly, lest the noise should have any effect on her who lay between life and death.

A door opened, and a white-clad figure was beside me, whispering, "It's a fine girl, and all's well!"

Soon I stood by the bedside of my brave little wife, and then it was I wept tears of joy and thankfulness. I was a happy father!—*P. E. Stroud, Renfrew.*

Terror Gone

I went to an optician to be tested for spectacles, as I felt my sight failing.

He gave my eyes a most careful examination; then shook his head and said the nerves at the back of the eye were too bad for glasses. I might lose my sight.

Never shall I forget the terror that gripped me. But when the specialist had examined my eyes and told me my trouble was curable, such joy came into my heart that I was overwhelmed.—*G. H., Denbigh.*

Regretful Years

I knew that I loved him, but my freedom seemed dearer to me then, and when he asked me to marry him I refused. He pleaded so hard that I almost gave way, but my stubborn will prevailed, and with a hopeless gesture he left me.

Oh, those long years of regrets that followed! Times had aged me when we met again, but he came with the same eager light in his eyes, asked the same old question, and I, with my head on his shoulder and tears of joy in my eyes, whispered "Yes."—"*Lorna,*" *Portchester.*

Rescued

"It's all right! They're safe." His grimy face streaked with sweat and flushed with excitement, my neighbour burst unceremoniously through the door and delivered his message.

"Thank God!" I exclaimed fervently, and the tears which I had so long held in check coursed down my cheeks.

For the news meant that my husband, who, with two of his mates, had for twelve long hours been entombed, was, at last, through the brave, untiring efforts of fellow-workmen, rescued from his living grave.—*Miner's Wife, Resolven.*

My Land

When I was five, my father went to Brazil on railroad construction work, taking mother and myself with him. After ten years' exile in that far-off country, father died, and my mother decided to return home.

One morning my mother bent over my bunk and whispered, "England, darling!" I rushed on deck, half-dressed, and caught sight of Beachy Head twinkling in the sunlight.

A lump came into my throat. In my ears rang the words, "This is my own, my native land," and I was supremely happy.—*R. Norman, Dorset.*

Remembered

Getting leave unexpectedly during the war, I arrived home, after a tramp of fourteen miles, at my little homestead among the Shropshire hills.

After the cries of "Daddy" and shouts of excitement had died down, I commenced to unlace my heavy Army boots, my wife stooping to help me.

Suddenly, a little cold nose tucked itself into my hand; "Trixy," my terrier, had brought my slippers and laid them at my feet. Unashamedly the tears came.—*Salopian, Notts.*

* * *

After many years' service, my husband was accused of stealing some valuable plans, and lost his job. One day we received news that the real thief had been found, and I wept tears of joy when I found that my husband's name had been cleared.—*M. R., S. Wales.*

When the doctor said I was cured of consumption after suffering for fifteen years.—*E. V., Kettering.*

I wept tears of joy the day my husband came home and told me that he was to start work again.—*E. H. W., Newcastle.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 26.

When My Mind became a Blank

TABLOID SPORT *by "Silver Ring" and Our Football Expert*

NEWBURY'S CUP

TWELVE months ago the Newbury Autumn Cup indicated the winner of the Cesarewitch, Nitsichin.

Loosestrife is my selection for the Berkshire trophy due to be run, and I expect to see Miss Wilmot's fine stayer putting up a bold fight for next month's stamina contest at Newmarket.

I have been asked how the Code is faring. Hyperion and Blazonry (11 to 2) have put us on the right side this week. Ole King Sol (8 to 1) and Watfun (7 to 4) showed a profit last week, and these followed on Barnacle Bill (5 to 1), Ringmaster (4 to 1), Devineress (5 to 2), Havelock (2 to 1) and Mrs. Rustom, which gave a profit of 11 points on the week. Not so bad, this.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 21, to Wednesday, September 27.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

MKO96YW would read DASTUR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96S98 would read WELLINGTON.

SOCCER SELECTIONS for Matches played on September 23

FIRST DIVISION.

*(1) NEWCASTLE v. Birmingham.
(2) Wolverhampton v. HUDDERSFIELD.
**(3) ASTON VILLA v. Sunderland.
(4) EVERTON v. Arsenal.
(5) Leeds v. W.B. Albion.
(6) Blackburn v. Wednesday.
(7) LEICESTER v. Chelsea.
(8) Middlesbrough v. MANCHESTER C.
(9) SHEFFIELD U. v. Portsmouth.
(10) Stoke v. DERBY COUNTY.
*(11) HOTSPUR v. Liverpool.

SECOND DIVISION.

**(1) FULHAM v. Lincoln.
(2) FOREST v. Bradford.
(3) WEST HAM v. Preston.
(4) BLACKPOOL v. Swansea.
(5) Bolton v. Brentford.
(6) BRADFORD C. v. Notts.
*(7) GRIMSBY v. Port Vale.
(8) HULL CITY v. Bury.
(9) MANCHESTER U. v. Burnley.
*(10) PLYMOUTH v. Oldham.
(11) SOUTHAMPTON v. Millwall.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) Watford v. BRISTOL ROVERS.
(2) BOSCOMBE v. Gillingham.
*(3) COVENTRY v. Swindon.
(4) Norwich v. LUTON.
(5) BRISTOL C. v. Aldershot.
(6) Cardiff v. Exeter.
(7) CHARLTON v. Crystal Palace.
(8) ORIENT v. Brighton.
(9) Newport v. Northampton.
(10) Q.P. RANGERS v. Torquay.
**(11) READING v. Southend.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) HALIFAX v. N. Brighton.
(2) Rochdale v. CREWE.
(3) Wrexham v. Southport.
*(4) BARNSLEY v. Accrington.
(5) BARROW v. York.
(6) Carlisle v. Walsall.
(7) DONCASTER v. Chester.
**(8) HARTLEPOOLS v. Darlington.
(9) MANSFIELD v. Gateshead.
**(10) STOCKPORT v. Rotherham.
(11) TRANMERE v. Chesterfield.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

*(1) HAMILTON v. Third Lanark.
(2) ABERDEEN v. Hibernian.
(3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Celtic.
(4) CLYDE v. St. Mirren.
(5) FALKIRK v. Ayr.
*(6) HEARTS v. Cowdenbeath.
(7) KILMARNOCK v. Airdrie.
(8) Queen's Park v. MOTHERWELL.
(9) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Partick.
**(10) RANGERS v. Dundee.

Probable winners are set in capitals. Where no distinction is made a draw is likely. Best selections are marked with two asterisks, and next best with one.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Southern Section—4 (*A*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish League—10 (*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Fulham, Luton, Hartlepools and Rangers.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

quickly . . . safely pleasantly. Chew a

FEEN-A-MINT

THE PALATABLE LAXATIVE

No taste but pure fresh mint.

Feen-a-mint works utterly naturally—no griping—no strain. Definitely *non-habit forming.* Excellent for children, too!

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to: White's Laboratories Ltd., Dept. F.1, 15, Bush House, London, W.C.2

When the days drag, when you know that your vitality is low and life is wearisome—take "Brain Sparklers." They cannot do you any harm, but they will positively revivify the bodily organism and set you free from the fears of mind and body through jaded worn-out nerves. Every woman would benefit from a course of

BRAIN SPARKLERS

There is nothing like them. They are not an ordinary "patent-medicine." They are what your Doctor would advise. But what a difference they make. In place of lassitude—pulsating life. In place of depression—bright, buoyant spirits. In place of despondency and despair—a new fresh outlook that will mean everything to you. Equally good for men, and all for a few shillings. Shadforth Prescription No. 470 ("Brain Sparklers") costs only 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100). You can get all "Shadforth" Prescriptions at or through Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, or any good Chemist, or

Post free and privately packed at these prices from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,
Qualified Dispensing Chemists,
(Dept. JBSB. 42), King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.

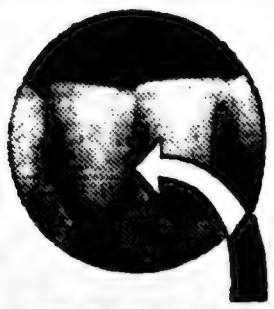
GRAVES DRESSES YOU WELL

AT VERY SMALL COST

Fashionable Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Gowns, &c., all in the latest styles & materials at money-saving prices on Easy Terms. Write to-day for full display of styles and Patterns Post Free. Unrivalled value also in Furs, Underwear, Young Ladies' Girls' and Infants' Clothing.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Insure *your smile*.. here's the surest way



Rigid scientific tests prove Colgate's has the power to penetrate and cleanse all danger spots where tooth decay begins.

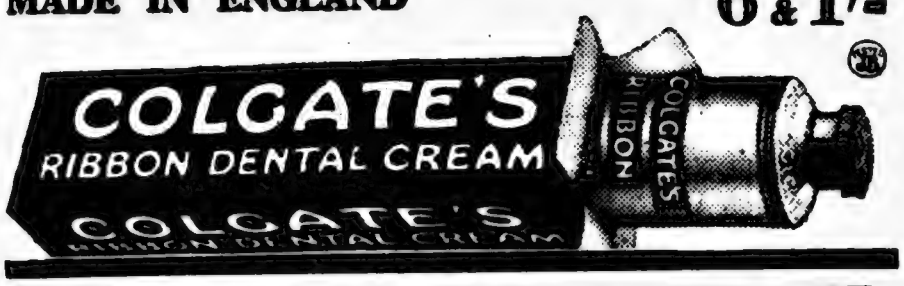
Laughter and smiles are worth insuring. Colgate's will do it for you.

For remember this, Colgate's serves you in three ways. It cleans your teeth thoroughly. It polishes your teeth until they sparkle. It gives a clean fragrance to your breath. So brush your teeth morning and night with Colgate's. It costs less . . . it does more.

Insure your smile to-day with a tube of Colgate's.

MADE IN ENGLAND

TWO SIZES 6D. & 1/-



GREAT 4-IN-1 PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT!

Result of Crossword Competition No. 228.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—

W. J. PATTEN,
178, Westwood Road,
Goolmayes, Essex,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive 25s. a week for life, £250 in cash and a £25 Birthday Cheque yearly for life, or one lump sum of £600.

The winner will also receive the extra prize offered of a "Pye" 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, October 3, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between the following 15 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £6 13s. 4d.

Beynon, Mrs., M., Harewood Hotel, Gower Street, W.C.1.
Bley, Mrs. T., Rookery Farm, Sutton Bridge, Lincs.
Dennett, A., 53, East Street, Sittingbourne.
Ellison, Miss, 579, Moston Lane, Moston, Manchester.
Gotch, W. J. L., 50, Elsden Road, Wallingborough.
Hanson, M. E., 38, Bela Grove, Central Blackpool.
Hately, G. H., 35, Ashfield Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Littlejohn, Mlle A., 1, Avalon Terrace South, Sunderland.
Monkhouse, F., 8, Aldreth Grove, York.
Pantney, J., Bridge Road, Long Sutton, Wisbech.
Prior, V., High Street, Feltwell, Norfolk.
Robson, R. T., 31, Holme Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Scholes, T., 1, Marsden Street, Middleton Junction, Manchester.
Sharp, Mlle G., 23, High Street, Starbeck, Yorks.
Wright, J. J., 14, Bourne Road, South Merstham, Surrey.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD NO. 228: Twenty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £4 15s. 3d. will be despatched accordingly.

Turn to Page 32 now and enter for this week's HAIRBOTH X-WORD. GIANT PENSION AND A FORTUNE MUST BE WON.

Thick, Lustrous, Glossy Dandruff-Free Hair—Admired by All!

Hair Health CAN be YOURS by using KOTALKO

Miss Doris Mathieson proved this. Her hair was very thin and scurfy, also she had considerable trouble with bald patches. She had tried so long..... but read this experience for yourself. It will interest you:—

"I had tried so long to better these conditions that I was feeling disheartened. It was a tremendous relief to me to find that after I had used Kotalko for a few weeks there was a noticeable improvement, and after a month's use of Kotalko I was able to recommend it to my friends with confidence. My hair is now thick and wavy and the bald parts a memory of the past."

Test Kotalko Yourself. Fill in and Post the Coupon below.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

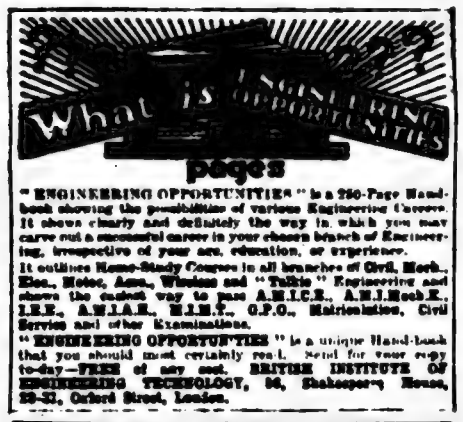
To **JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,**
9, Percy Street (53A.), London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Test Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....



pages

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is a 250-Page Handbook showing the possibilities of various Engineering Careers. It shows clearly and definitely the way in which you may carve out a successful career in your chosen branch of Engineering, irrespective of your age, education, or experience.

It outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Aero., Wireless and "Talkie" Engineering and shows the easiest way to pass A.M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., I.E.E., A.M.I.A.E., M.I.M.T., G.P.O., Matriculation, Civil Service and other Examinations.

"ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES" is a unique Hand-book that you should most certainly read. Send for your copy to-day—FREE of any cost. BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 96, Shakespeare House, 29-31, Oxford Street, London.

To Men and Women of all ages — especially those over forty.

Turn to page 27.

A remarkable free book can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the Phyllosan advt

NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

NEURITIS & INDIGESTION

Mrs. Lacy, 9, Belvoir St., Mapperley, Nottingham writes:—"If people knew the value of Vitadatio, there need not be half the suffering we hear of every day. I have been very ill with a Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis on the Nerves of the Stomach and Indigestion, and am pleased to say that after persevering with Vitadatio, I am a different person. I strongly advise any sufferer to give this strength-giving medicine a trial."

Vitadatio SEND FOR FREE BOOK & TESTIMONIALS

Invaluable for Mental Troubles, Liver, Kidney, and Internal Ailments. Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, and most Chemists and Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in Great Britain only. Special 21/- bottles, containing 3 weeks' supply.

Export only, post free from VITADATIO, Ltd. ARMLEY, LEEDS.

THE enormous sum of well over £200,000 has already been won in "John Bull's" Common-sense Crosswords, but now comes the most astonishing offer of all.

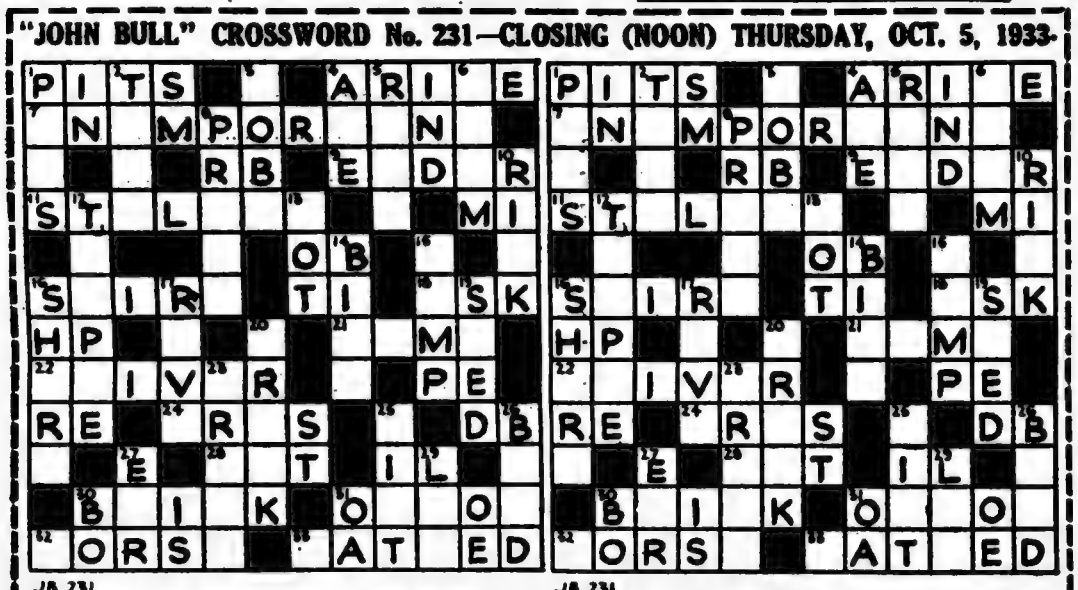
Here is a colossal 2-in-1 First Prize of an £8 Weekly Life Pension and four-figure fortune of £1,000!

This beats all previous prizes ever offered for a Crossword, but still another record is broken by the huge award of £400 to be divided among the Runners-up for this week's stupendous First Prize.

Win life-long independence by spending half an hour on the entertaining puzzle below!

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £8 a week and £1,000 in cash (or a lump sum of £3,300) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £400 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares conta'ning one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle and winner will be published in "John Bull" on Thursday, October 19

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 231—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1933.



JB 231

JB 231

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 231—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, OCT. 5, 1933.

JB 231

JB 231

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and

enclose P.O. value.....No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

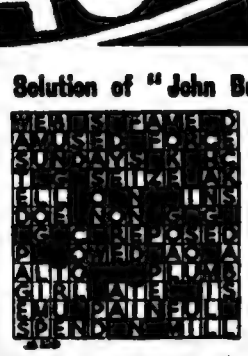
.....

ENTRY FEE.
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

EXTRA SQUARES POST FREE.
Further squares will appear in next week's "John Bull." For extra squares send PERRY postcard, to Crossword Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2., stating number of 6d. entry forms required.

ADDRESS ENTRY.
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 231, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 229.



Winners in 228 on page 31. Result of 229 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 229 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES:

ACROSS

1. Miners work in these
4. Rise up
7. Not essential
9. Bird which provides down
11. Fashionable
16. It makes church a landmark
18. Inquire
21. Blow on the foot may give you one
22. Cromwell's Christian name
24. Numbers of years
28. Busy little insect
30. Lively
31. It flavours a salad
32. Is sometimes used for conveying messages
33. Dog's coat often gets this

DOWN

1. Silly asses indulge in these
2. May describe a tot
3. Are sometimes hard to restrain
4. Consumed
5. Acts as a conductor of electricity
6. Main stalk of a plant
8. Ticket may give you this
10. Slippery surface provides this for skaters
12. What drunkards do at times
13. Very warm
14. What bogus auctioneers do, unblushingly
15. There is oil in this
16. How you feel after paying your taxes
17. To be light-headed
19. Speeded
20. Causes mischief
23. Rub out
25. Keep it handy when you have a little lamb
26. Makes your road seem shorter
27. Stray
29. Illuminated

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. Increase P.O. by 6d. for each additional two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it / & Co./; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, October 5.

2.—Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Solution and winners of this contest will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 19. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the first prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 31, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £400 to be divided between the runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should First Prize be shared £3,300 will be paid instead of dividing pension.

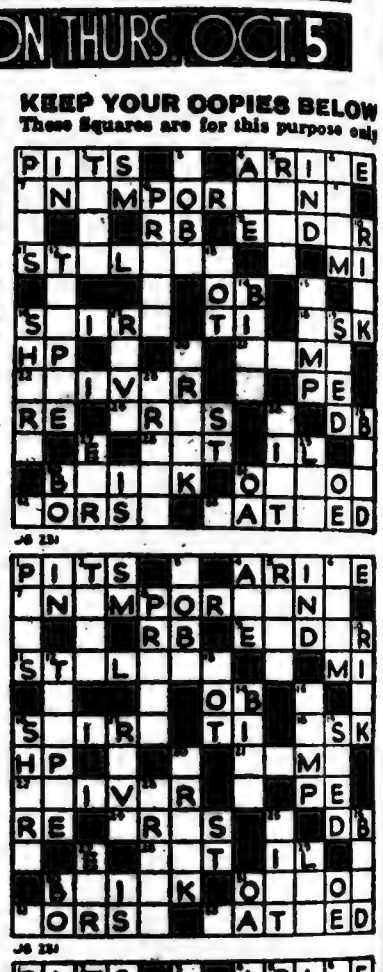
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter the Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These figures are for this purpose only



JB 231

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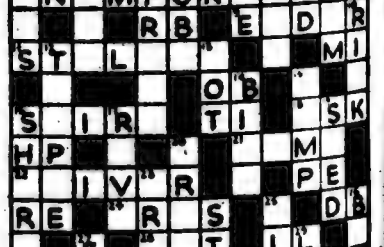


JB 231

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first-prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor—

Medico (Westerham). — "Eat plenty of bananas and you won't have to do any exercises." You mean other people won't have to do any?

—Laughs Last

O. B. (Pimlico).—"Borstal never reformed anybody." You've tried it?

J. B. (Margate).—"As an Englishman, I want to be fair." Then don't sun-bathe.

V. D. W. (Raglan).—"My two uncles in the Army are the most charitable men I have ever met." Brothers in alms.

B. B. (Whitby).—"To peel an orange, the only thing I need is my thumb." Most people would also need an orange.

T. M. (Plymouth).—"I am on pleasure bent." Mind you don't come back from pleasure broke.

OWNER-DRIVER (Hull).—"I have driven my car 250,000 miles." And did you find a place to park it in the end?

F. N. (Esher).—"When I called on them I found the house on fire." A warm welcome.

Miss T. (Maida Vale).—"I have had to sell my riding habit." And get the walking habit?

STAMMERS (Gravesend).—"I stutter and I am looking for a job." Why not try working a pneumatic drill?

BUSINESS MAN (London, S.W.).—"When I go away on my holiday I shall make life very pleasant." For your employees?

A. D. (Hammersmith).—"My boy is too clever for me. He is a research student in chemistry." Quick with his retorts.

T. R. (Cirencester).—"The English taxpayer will stand for anything?" Except, of course, a woman in a crowded train.

ENQUIRER (Birmingham).—"What is the secret why the multiple shops get rid of so many goods?" Customers.

DOCTOR (Dublin).—"I am very musical." But don't you get tired of listening to organ recitals by patients?

COMEDIAN (Manchester).—"I like a well-built theatre." Yet you like to see the house rocking.

A. T. (Shrewsbury).—"How do you expect a farmer to make a living these days?" By farming.

A. S. (West End).—"Stage-hands must be very hard-hearted." They certainly have to get used to moving scenes.

W. T. C. (Hendon).—"I know a man who has sixteen letters after his name. How is it done?" By degrees.

J. H. (Wigan).—"How long do you think it took my wife to sharpen a pencil?" As long as there was half an inch of it left.

EMPLOYER (Birmingham).—"Some clerks are even impertinent when asking for an increase in salary." They try to take a rise out of you?

G. T. (Tadworth).—"I live next door to a well-known walker and runner, and he is crazy on gardening." But only grows runner-beans and ramblers?

B. C. (Wanstead).—"I often wonder what stout ladies were like years ago." Charming girls gone to waist.

T. M. (Hitchin).—"Isn't it strange how the moon affects the tide." And the untied.

W. M. (Manchester). — "He earns a good salary by testing beer at a brewery." An XXXpert.

D. N. (Richmond). — "To caress a stray cat means good fortune." A stroke of luck.

S. H. (Bath). — "Slimming systems have few staunch followers." Yet there are many stout adherents.

S. F. (Penang).—"I have invented a device to prevent captive crocodiles from biting." A zip fastener?

A. C. (Buxton).—"Missing a post may cause a man to miss the goal he is aiming for." Or hitting the post if the man happens to be playing centre-forward.

R. F. (Hampstead). — "The less people know about the personalities behind the B.B.C. the better." But it seems hard that the hero who recites the Ark-stock prices may move among us unrecognised and with his praises unsung.

EXPLORER (Dorchester).—"Where is the spirit of modern youth?" In petrol tins.

B. C. (Ipswich).—"Food taxes are not fair." They certainly hit below the belt.

ERIC F. (Honor Oak).—"There is somebody waiting to step into my shoes." Your younger brother?

DOCTOR (Edinburgh).—"Never run to the station after a meal." Just leave it there.

POET (Barnes).—"How eloquent is the forest by its silence." Yet every tree is known by its bark.

MOTHER (Finsbury Park).—"I believe in taking a baby out whenever possible." Sun and air for son and heir.

VEGETARIAN (Burnt Oak).—"Do you know how the heat-waves affected us?" You went off your nuts?

H. McT. (Rothesay).—"Little Hamish kept asking all day for icecream, so in the end I let him have it." Good and strong, we suppose.

DAD (Portobello).—"I wonder what would have happened if I'd asked as many questions when I was a boy as my son does." Perhaps you'd have been able to answer some of his.

LISTENER (Dulwich).—"To me some of the B.B.C. orators are as dry as sticks, and I feel I would like to put a match to them." You think it would make them flare up.

J. I. (Malton).—"Is there a cheap substitute for petrol?" Yes, boot-leather.

HAL (Birkenhead).—"I am always seeing red." Some men never look beyond the end of their noses.

ANGLER (Bow).—"What tackle is required for bass?" Just the ordinary corkscrew.

FAIRPLAY (Hounslow). — "Husbands should do half of the housework." But who would do the other half?

A. M. (Hampstead).—"My son is a most polite lad; what had I better make him?" A civil servant.

P. W. (East Ham).—"I have always found good in everything." You must have been very lucky with eggs.

T. McK. (Aberdeen).—"My girl insists on wearing flannel trousers when we go hiking. What should I do?" Buy a kilt.

B. C. (Luton).—"A man climbs up to success rung by rung." And a woman often ring by ring.

B. M. (Alton).—"What is hash?" The substance of things asked for, the evidence of things not seen.

W. M. (Essex).—"Some of the new fashions for women are awfully simple." Others are simply awful.

W. M. (Gosport).—"Is it expensive to instal central heating?" It's about 12s. 6d. a bottle.

RIVER ENGINEER (Edinburgh).—"I have called my book of experiences 'Blasting Dams.' What do you think of it?" Oh, worse than that.

ROMANTIC (Grimsby).—"She loosened her beautiful hair, which fell to her feet." Then we suppose she picked it up and put it in a drawer.

D. R. (Amesbury).—"A man found in a dazed condition in a country lane stated that he had been thrown from a charabanc." Was there any sign of the cornet?

BOXER (Watford).—"When one first dons a pair of boxing-gloves, one is conscious of a sense of manliness." But not for long.

A. G. (Torquay).—"I want more people to realise that British radio programmes are the best in the world." This week's *Bullets* programme on page 35 will help—we've amplified the First to £750 and we're broadcasting Radio Gramophones again.

BRIDEGROOM (Welwyn).—"Is there anything more painful than the sight of a pile of dirty dishes?" Yes, being handed an apron and a dishcloth.

J. G. (Manchester).—"What court case could possibly have lasted longer than some we have seen in British courts lately?" Divorce proceedings by Solomon.

WORRIED (Deal).—"How can I prevent my articles being constantly returned by editors?" Don't enclose a stamped envelope.

L. T. (Oxford).—"I want a safe job for my son. Can you tell me of any that are definitely looking up?" Yes; those of astronomers and professional boxers.

ACTOR (Barnes).—"In my better days I was a star. Now I can barely exist on a job in a rifle-range." So you're a sort of shooting star now?

N. A. (Clacton).—"I am not a prude, but I cannot bear to see people undressing on the beach." Are you a bathing-hut proprietor?

B. C. (Scunthorpe).—"I married a widow three months ago, and she insists on being 'captain of the ship.'" Why grumble? After all, you're only her second mate.

D. S. O. (Spennymoor).—"Thousands of timid young men when making a proposal of marriage are never quite certain which way the cat will jump." But in the majority of cases she says "Yes!"

W. B. (Cambridge).—"When I refused to buy my wife a new frock she said she would never speak to me again." How like a woman! When everything else fails she tries bribery.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ERNIE

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

INSTANT RELIEF FROM AUTUMN COUGHS & CHILLS

Home-made honey syrup is one of the few "old-time" remedies still used and recommended for instantly relieving and speedily banishing coughs, colds, catarrh, bronchitis and sore throat. To make this remedy at home demands much time and attention, but honey syrup made from the original recipe is obtainable in the form of 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup, a carefully-blended compound of Honey, Oil of Pine, Squills, Ipecac, Menthol and Balsam of Tolu. From the first half-teaspoonful, 'Pineate' Honey Syrup destroys germ infection, soothes and heals throat rawness, cuts and loosens phlegm, and thus speedily banishes the most stubborn cough. Chemists everywhere can supply 'Pineate' brand Honey Syrup at 1s. 6d. a bottle, and, whatever your bronchial trouble, this remedy will give you instant relief. Don't delay, for a neglected autumn cough or chill may lead to serious winter ailments.

IF RHEUMATIC DISSOLVE THIS IN YOUR MORNING TEA

Then the pains, aches, swellings, stiffness and other misery simply HAVE to go—says ALICE LANDLES, Certified Nurse.

Rheumatism can be caused in but one way. That is by acids and impurities in the blood. Chemical analysis and microscopic examination of the blood prove this beyond the possibility of doubt or argument. Various conditions, such as cold and dampness, or certain errors of diet, can make rheumatism worse, but the primary cause always remains the same. Pain-causing and kidney-irritating uric acid *must be neutralised by an alkaline liquid*, and to do this the liquids you drink must contain the necessary alkaline elements to be absorbed into the blood and act upon the acids. These elements are easily provided. Simply get a small supply of 'Alkia Saltrates' from any chemist. As much of this as can be heaped on a sixpence should be dissolved in your tea, coffee, water or other drink and taken every morning. No trace of any bitter, salty, sour or other taste can possibly be detected. Also it cannot upset or irritate even the most delicate stomach. The only evidence that you are taking a medicine will be the plainly noticeable relief from rheumatic pain which it quickly produces. In each package of 'Alkia Saltrates' is an authoritative and extremely valuable treatise, giving useful diet hints and other interesting information for rheumatic sufferers.

LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET A JOB

Then Bronchitis Intervened

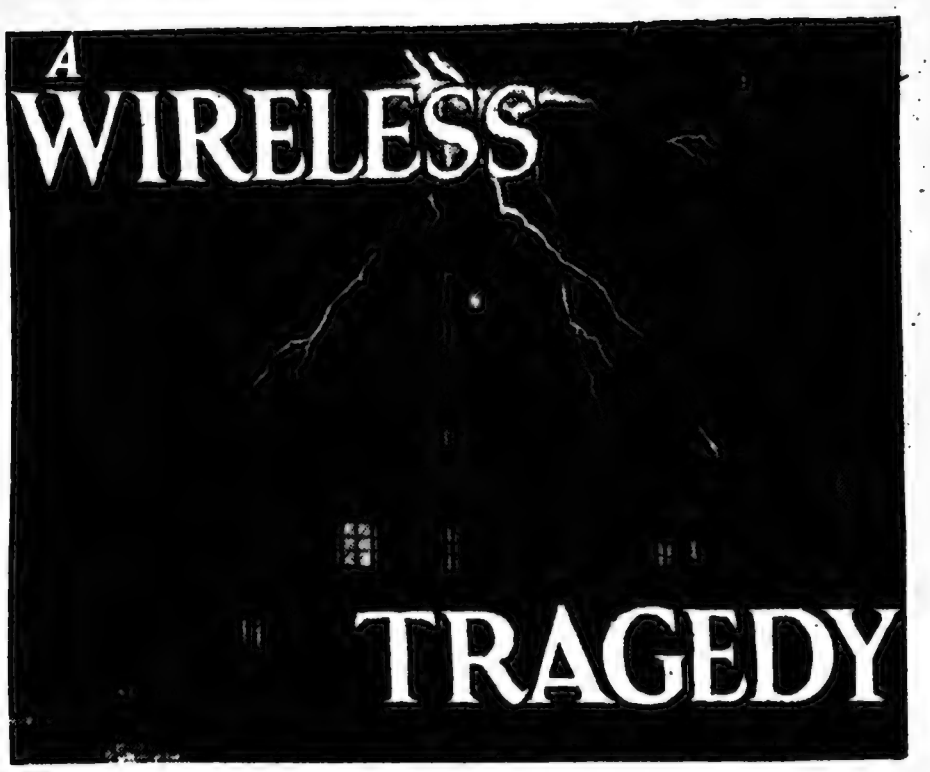
Just imagine in these days getting a job after many months out of work and then going down with Bronchitis the very first week! That is what happened to Mr. J. Benson of Cherry Street, York. Is it any wonder that he wants the world to know what it was that kept him on his feet? Here are his own words.

"After being out of work for many months, I was lucky enough to get a job. Unfortunately, at the end of the first week I had a very bad cold and bronchitis. I was ordered by the doctor to remain in bed and advised to throw up the job, as he feared pneumonia. However, the men working on the job bought me a bottle of Wincarnis. I was able to resume my work in three days. I have purchased a bottle every week since, and by taking Wincarnis regularly I entirely got rid of my cold and am glad to say I have not lost an hour's time at work since—notwithstanding the exposure these very cold nights."

There never was anything so good as Wincarnis for preventing you getting ill or making you recover quickly. And the good it does is permanent good, for there are no drugs in it. Nothing but the blood-creating properties of the finest wine combined with the strengthening elements of the finest beef and guaranteed vitamin malt extracts. It has actually over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Graves 'FLIGHT' Model has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Renn Renold Chain, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Bright parts Chromium Plated, Full set of Accessories. Price Complete £8:17:6. No charge for instalment terms. Delivered Carriage Paid for £2 now & 14 monthly payments of £1. Lady's or Gent's same price. Write for Catalogue Gent's, Ladies' & Juvenile Cycles. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

The manufacturers of Bisley's Antacid Powder have such confidence in the efficacy of this product for Indigestion and its complications that they will send a generous 9d. tin post free to readers who fill in the coupon in the advert on p. 25. Send no money but simply enclose coupon in unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.



"JOHN BULL'S" £100 cheque for widow

WAS the lead-in from the aerial which had been disconnected from a wireless set the cause of a mysterious tragedy in which a JOHN BULL reader lost his life?

At the time of the accident, our reader, John Ayres, of "Down View," Ham, near Marlborough, Wilts, was sitting in an arm-chair close to which was his wireless set. Suddenly, there was a blinding flash, and, in an instant, Mr. Ayres was struck by lightning attracted by the wireless aerial and killed outright.

JOHN BULL was ready with a cheque for £100, paid to the widow under our Free Family Insurance. "I cannot tell you what a blessing the money will be to me," she says, in acknowledging the cheque.

JOHN BULL covers home accidents more comprehensively than any other paper.

Not only the rare, but the everyday risks, are covered by JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift.

Only "John Bull" pays Fire Benefits—only "John Bull" safeguards the home in case of storm, flood or sickness. Fire may do fearful damage; storm and flood create havoc; sickness prevent you from following your vocation.

The registration forms are below. Sign them now and make home a safer, happier place.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 23/9/33

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 23/9/33

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!
JOHN BULL PEN COUPON VALUE 3D
This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.
Cash the Coupons

Young Fruiterer's £550 PLUM

His mother was in it too

WHEN young Mr. G. Hart returned to his holiday apartments at Brighton the other Friday evening, he found two envelopes awaiting him which had been forwarded from his home at 7, George Street, Rugby.

One envelope was white and brought him good news in the shape of a *Bullets* "Target" Prize. The other made him gasp with excitement—for its colour was orange!

Hurriedly unfolding the contents, he read JOHN BULL'S congratulations on winning the First Prize of £500 and a £50 Christmas Cheque in our 906th Contest.

Although the effort which gained him First Prize honours was the neat and humorous comment HER MOTHER—MAKES SERGEANT SEEM MOTHERLY, Mr. Hart has not yet had any personal experience of mothers-in-law.

For when the 26-year-old winner called at Long Acre on his way home from his holidays, he told a JOHN BULL man that he was a bachelor and lived with his mother.

"She is my *Bullets* partner," he said with quiet satisfaction. "She paid for all my early entries, so now we share my prize-money.

"I have a small fruiterer's business in partnership with my brother," Mr. Hart went on. "Trade returns have been very uneven lately and this extra money will be a great help."

It is more than three years since Mr. Hart took up *Bullets*, but at first he made little progress.

"Then," he recalled, "I ordered a regular supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and found it very useful, especially in showing you old phrases to avoid.

"I've tried all sorts of *Bullets*," he continued, "but have done best with straightforward humorous efforts."

It only took him a few minutes to construct his First Prize effort. "I had thought of 'dragon' and other words to fit to HER MOTHER," he explained. "Then I thought of comparing her to a drill-sergeant. It was a sudden inspiration that gave me the key word 'motherly.'"

So as to be always ready to catch similar brainwaves, Mr. Hart cuts out the list of *Examples* and carries them with him all day. "I generally work on *Bullets* at odd times in the morning," he concluded. "I'm too tired to do much at night."

By fitting four simple words to an appropriate *Example*, Mr. Hart not only brought rich reward to his mother for her assistance and faith in his ability. His big win will also enable him to enlarge his business.

A few neat and telling words will secure a still greater First Prize for some "Bulleteer" this week. And, what is more, each of the six principal cash prizes in this thrilling Contest will be accompanied by a magnificent "Pye" Radio Gramophone.

If you want your home to be filled with endless entertainment from one of these superb instruments and your pockets to jingle with *Bullets* cash—make sure that your entry is in by Saturday, September 30.

STARTLING NEWS!

To celebrate *Bullets'* 21st Birthday, an offer of 21 Giant Prizes is coming for Contest No. 912.

For the First Prize Winner there will be the staggering choice of either £10 a week for life, plus £1,000 cash—or £4,000 cash plus £2 a week for life.

In addition to 20 other substantial cash awards, a £500,000 surprise is being prepared for this sensational contest.

LOOK OUT FOR THE 21 GIANTS!

100 HOLIDAY CHEQUES WON—COMP. No. 907.

FIRST PRIZE OF £600 PLUS £50 CHRISTMAS CHEQUE:

Mr. A. FOGDEN, 94, Norfolk Road, Margate.

Example:—SOMETHING WRONG

Bullet:—BUT DON'T "CONCLUDE EVERYTHING"!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. F. MAWSON, 63, Hassall Avenue, Withington, Manchester.
Example:—Giving up
Bullet:—Setting Yourself *Bigger* "Conundrum."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. J. MITCHELL, 6, Victoria Road, Elgin.
Example:—A Failure
Bullet:—His School—Mother's "Report."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £15:

Mr. S. W. NORTHWOOD, "Stanholme," Park Road, Thundersley, Essex.
Example:—Wealth
Bullet:—World's "Goal"—Devil's "Net."

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

M. CARTER, The Brambles, St. Helens, Isle of Wight.
Example:—Lawyer's Wife
Bullet:—Wonders Why Witness Trembles.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

W. E. BRIXEY, 35, Cwmdare Street, Cardiff.
Our Landlady—Evidently *Believes* I'm "Duke."

G. HILL, 20, North Ham Road, Littlehampton.
Lawyer's Wife—Hubby's "Deeds" Fill Hat-box.

S. F. NICHOLS, 10, St. Paul's Square, Norwich.
Above The Clouds—Me, Cupid's "Sunk Shaft."

T. RIDDELL, 29, Bark Street, Hulme, Manchester.
Our Landlady—"Explorer"—Discovered, Becomes "Inventor."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

D. STOTHARD, 19, Wynburg Street, Hull.
Hand In Hand—Doubles "Punch"—Lessens "Blow."

5 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

A. CONDIE, 25, Union Street, Tillicoultry, N.B.
Hand In Hand—"Toddlers—Their "Bond," Half-penny.

A. EDDOWES, 58, Brentwood Road, Romford.
Hand In Hand—"Formation" Militarists *Dread.*

J. MUIR, Brunton Cottage, Crossgates, Fife.
A Failure—Deem Yourself—Doom Yourself.

W. PAYNE, "Railway View," Energlyn, Caerphilly.
When The Dreamer Awoke—"Fairy" Was Waving Rolling-pin.

E. F. PRIESTNALL, 39, Hampton Street, Birmingham.
Our Landlady—Deserves Bouquet—Hasn't Aspidistra.

5 PRIZES OF £4 EACH:

Miss E. CHAPMAN, 21, Parr Road, East Ham, E.
Man Of Vision—"Seeing Things"—World's "View."

Mrs. M. HUTCHINSON, 11, Fagley Terrace, Bradford
King Of The Robbers—Asleep, Mummy Steals Kiss.

W. C. LEWIS, 5, Gower Street, Briton Ferry, Glam.
Our Landlady—Deaf As A—*Pose.*

F. LUCAS, 38, Curzon Avenue, Carlton Hill, Nottingham.
Looking Well—Missed Worry Of Holiday!

R. A. W. SAYER, 7, Haslemere Avenue, Hendon, London, N.W.
Heard In The Playground—Laughter—What A "Lesson"!

5 PRIZES OF £3 EACH

J. BATTEN, Coalpit Heath, Nr. Bristol.
Gathered In—Leafy Lanes, Cupid's "Harvest."

K. BREAKSPEAR, 22, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.
Man Of Vision—Shopkeeper—Customer "Seen Again."

W. G. BRIMSON, c/o Harris, 36, Eastover, Bridgwater, Som.
All We Have—Borne, Should "Bear Fruit."

A. CHAPMAN, 4, Ashmount Road, Hornsey Lane, N.
We Two—Neighbours Calling "That Lot."

Miss I. EKINS, 117, Vicarage Road, King's Heath, Birmingham.
Crop Of Trouble—"Sprouting," Neighbours "Growing Thick."

A list of 75 £1 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

As announced in connection with this contest, each winner of £1 10s. and upwards will receive an additional Holiday Bonus of £2 10s.

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

THIS WEEK ONLY
£250 ADDED TO BULLETS FIRST PRIZE
AND MORE RADIO GRAMOPHONES!
£750
and 27 GUINEA 'PYE' RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£50 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£25 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£15 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£10 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
£5 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE
15 PRIZES OF £3 · · ·
25 OF £1 · · · 500 OF 2/6
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES
MORE RADIO GRAMOPHONES
"Reproduction and reception are perfect and the set is a most attractive and artistic piece of furniture." G. A. Stephenson, 200, Norwood, Beverley, Yorks.
"I got the Radio Gramophone fixed in once and without any hitch or difficulty it gave a perfect performance." A. F. Collins, Holbeck, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
"The taste of the Radio Gramophone is superb and the neighbours are amazed at such a handsome piece." W. J. Simpson, 89, Abbeyhill, St., Glasgow, E.2.
YOUR RADIO GRAMOPHONE · · · ·
will be one of the same magnificent "PYE" instruments which enable scores of past winners to enjoy highly radio and gramophone concerts. It can be supplied for use either with Electric mains or Batteries and will be a source of lasting entertainment for your home.

£897 Cash and Six Radio Gramophones!

THE third huge offer of JOHN BULL's great Autumn Campaign is launched to-day —with just the kind of prize-list that you would arrange yourself.

As you make up your efforts for this big contest, your eye will naturally be on that huge First, increased this week to £750, with which goes a magnificent 27-Guinea Radio Gramophone.

Remember, however, that each of the next five winners in this attractive contest will also receive one of these superb "Pye" instruments in addition to a substantial cheque.

Half an hour's amusing juggling with words this evening and a pocketful of money plus a home full of melody may be your double reward.

But you have only a few days in which to win one of these fine cash-plus-Radio Gramophone prizes. Your entry must reach Long Acre by Saturday, September 30.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the list of *Examples* provided and jot down any rough idea which strikes you in connection with any of them. Each of these ideas is capable of further development.

Compress them carefully into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, making sure that they fit the chosen *Example* closely and convey your meaning clearly.

For instance, when working on the *Example*, GOLDEN FUTURE, you might well jot down the rough note, *Sonny's—When He Receives Sixpence.* This you could easily improve into the finished *Bullet*, GOLDEN FUTURE—TILL SONNY'S SIXPENCE LOST!

As a further guide, study carefully the good points of the winning *Bullets* printed on the opposite page, noting particularly the simple words chosen.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO RESCUE THE WORLD
STRONG MAN
GOLDEN FUTURE
BEGINNING
BETTER PAY
FRIENDS AND RELATIONS
NEGLECTING HIS DUTY
SPELLS DISASTER
WEARY WOMAN
ONCE MORE
ONE OF THE LADS
WOUNDED HER
DEPTHS OF INFAMY
FALSE FRIEND
"NEXT, PLEASE!"
EVERYWHERE
BREATH OF FRESH AIR
AT SOLLY'S WEDDING
POLICEMAN'S JOB
WORTH DOING
MODEL MOTORIST
QUEER CUSS
NOT TO BE SEEN
THRILL OF THE CHASE
FLYING START
IN SELF-DEFENCE
IDLE HANDS
NO LONGER
LOSING HIS APPETITE
JUST LIKE A CHILD
FALLING LEAVES
THICK AND FAST
FELL ON DEAF EARS
SHE FORGETS
MUST BE PUT DOWN
SENSATION AT THE STUDIO

HELP FOR YOU FREE!

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* helpful *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing Show's* cheery *Complete Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed & Co. payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* commencing with the next available issue.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

The original cheque for £659 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 905 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Beck, 1, Gladstone Street, Rugby.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 910 usually purchase "John Bull."

STAGGERING 21st BIRTHDAY OFFER COMING DETAILS ON PAGE 34

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(910) Closing SAT., Sept. 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(910) Closing SAT., Sept. 23 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

Write name and full address on each coupon.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(910) Closing SAT., Sept. 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(910) Closing SAT., Sept. 30 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 910, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£1,000 FIRST NEXT WEEK — AND MORE RADIO GRAMOPHONES

THE "BIG 3" OF SUFFERING

NERVES, STOMACH TROUBLES, LOW VITALITY

GREAT YEAST-VITE "NO CURE—NO PAY" OFFER

NERVE DISORDERS

Shakiness, Nervines, Fits of Depression, Sleeplessness, Jumpiness, Restlessness, Morbidity, Vague Bodily Pains, "Splitting" Headaches,

"Yeast-Vite" has a wonderful action upon the Nerves. Soothing, Strengthening and Pain-Banishing, it seems to pour a steady stream of New Nerve Life into the upset and weakened Nervous System. This is due to the Nutritive effect of the Yeast and Vitamin "B" which, in a marvellous way, provide the Nerves with those very elements of "life" which the demands of modern conditions of living so insidiously steal away.

So direct and so powerful is this action that a few minutes only will suffice to make you feel, by the new sense of Power and Confidence that surges through you, how "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tablets swiftly and surely Rebuild and Re-Strengthen your Nerves.

STOMACH TROUBLES

Pains after eating, Flatulence, Burning Sensation in Stomach, Griping Pains, Heart Flutterings & Palpitation, Headaches, Sickness & Nausea,

As natural to your body as food itself, "Yeast-Vite" rectifies disorders of the stomach. Supplying valuable digestive aids, it strengthens and assists the stomach to deal with the food you eat. Added to this, it rapidly banishes painful and distressing symptoms and improves the peristaltic, metabolic and assimilatory processes. It enables you to eat what you like without digestive distress, assisting you to obtain *more* nourishment from all you eat and permanently *putting right* the delicate digestive system.

And however "touchy" your stomach may be you can take "Yeast-Vite" with absolute confidence—just a tablet or two after meals.

LOW VITALITY

Constant Tiredness, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Energy and Vigour, Dullness of Brain, Poorness of Blood, Growing Weakness.

"Yeast-Vite" Brand Tablets banish Low Vitality by sheer force of Powerful Vitamin Nutrition. The valuable content of Pure Medicinal Yeast—Nature's Energiser—induces a feeling of extreme buoyancy and vigour in a few minutes. The rich abundance of Vitamin "B" supplies a new fund of Ready-to-Use Power for the Debilitated system. The VITAL FORCE of the Body is increased tremendously and noticeably. Every function responds to the stimulating and reinvigorating Tonic Elements in "Yeast-Vite." You feel stronger *quickly*—you stay stronger *permanently*.

YEAST-VITE

BRAND TONIC TABLETS

Sold Everywhere 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

NO CURE—NO PAY

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE"-Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

LOST 4st. 9lbs.

General Health Improved

Mrs. Stacey as she was— 14st. 1lb.

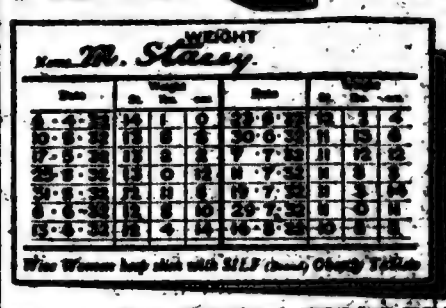
Wonderful Tribute to "SILF"

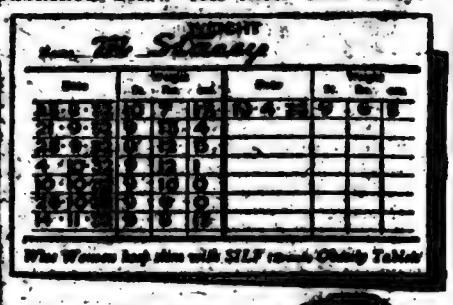
Brand Obesity Tablets.

WAS 14st. 1lb.

NOW 9st. 6lb.

THE story of how "Silf" Brand Obesity Tablets freed Mrs. Stacey, of Middlesex, from no less than 4 stone 9 lbs. of Superfluous Fat once again emphasises the outstanding value of this Natural and SAFE remedy for Obesity. Once again, too, does it show how absolutely unnecessary it is to resort to Dangerous "Starving" Drugging, Purging or Violent Exercises to achieve Slimness! The Weight Cards published below tell their own story.





MRS. STACEY'S WONDERFUL LETTER

Dear Sirs,

My experience of "Silf" has been such a happy and satisfactory one that I feel I must let you know just what your well-known flesh reducer has done for me.

I scaled about 10st., but increased rapidly until I reached 14st., a most worrying matter to a woman of my age.

I had to give up dancing and swimming, of which I was very fond, because I had not the spirit or energy to enjoy them.

I could not go up even one flight of stairs without resting, and get tired and distressed at the slightest exertion. I also had frequent attacks of giddiness and faintness. My heart was always palpitating violently and my digestion grew weak.

In my fattest period I was 52 inches round the hips, but now I am only 40 inches—and whereas I then took a 38-inch waist corset, I now only need a 28-inch one.

The photos I enclose will show you what a marvellous change "Silf" has brought about.

It is good to tell you how much better I feel in every way.

My general health has improved; my weakness, faintness, heart palpitation, etc., have vanished.

You cannot have a more enthusiastic supporter than myself and no one recommends "Silf" more sincerely than I do.

(Sgd.) Mrs. MARY STACEY.

MRS. STACEY as she is to-day 9 st. 6 lb.

MONEY BACK OFFER

WE invite any stout person to purchase a 1/3 Box of Silf (Brand) Obesity Tablets from the nearest Chemist, and if not satisfied that Silf will prove beneficial your money will be refunded by The Silf Co., Ltd., of 39, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1, under the terms of the undertaking enclosed in every packet.

To avoid wasting your money on useless imitations, make certain you get SILF BRAND Obesity Tablets.

1/3, 3/- and 5/- PER BOX.

Silf BRAND

You save money by purchasing the larger sizes.

From all Chemists and Druggists, or post free by sending the price to—

THE SILF CO. Ltd. (Dept. 46S), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.

70 B.23 Shakspere

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A42

QUEEN VICTORIA
1819-1901
Succeeded to the throne
June 20, 1837

KING EDWARD VII.
1841-1910
Succeeded to the throne
Jan. 22, 1901

KING GEORGE V.
Born 1865
Succeeded to the throne
May 6, 1910

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE GREATEST 33 YEARS IN HISTORY

A unique and wonderful
PRESENTATION
for every John Bull reader

SEE INSIDE

PLEASE TEAR OU

ALL

Over 1,500 Unforgettable Illustrations

Over 700 pages

A large size Art photographic production that could not in the ordinary way be purchased for less than £1:1:0.

Here is a reduced illustration of this magnificent Pageant of the Century, which is produced in heavy covers bound in Dark-Green Cloth of morocco grain, beautifully embossed with gilt title on spine, and with a handsome embossed design and panel on the front. Actual size, 10 in. deep by 7½ in. wide. Weight, approximately 3¼ lb.

No advertising matter of any kind appears on the binding or anywhere in the volume.

The Book that will fascinate all Ages!

RULE

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L THAT HAS HAPPENED FROM 1900 to 1933

The only Book of its kind in the World for every 'John Bull' Reader

SIX TOKENS ONLY

A Guinea Book of Golden Memories—a mighty Pictorial Panorama of Our Nation's Glorious Life from 1900 to 1933, the most eventful years in the history of the World—a Great Family Treasure Book **containing over 1,500 Unforgettable Photographs**—*the First and Only Volume of its kind ever produced* —such is "The Pageant of the Century," the stupendous new Presentation which "John Bull" this week asks every one of its readers to accept.

This great work is so unique—so vital to every home and every family that "John Bull" has made it easier than ever for every reader to get it. You can qualify for it in six short weeks! Think! Six tokens only and this wonderful new Presentation is yours! But you must act now—all reservations for this announcement must be in by not later than first post Thursday, September 28th. No person may apply for more than one of these unique Presentation volumes.

A Vast Gallery of over 1,500 Illustrations

Here, in this astounding work, for which H. V. Morton, the great descriptive writer, has specially written an introduction, is the whole spectacular pageant of the present century. Here in over 700 large pages is the fascinating, intriguing, absorbing story of the thirty-three most eventful years in the history of the World, illustrated with more than 1,500 striking pictures, reproduced from actual photographs. One unforgettable scene after another passes before your eyes.

It is a stupendous work which will amaze as no other work can, which breathes through page after page, picture after picture, all the pomp and circumstance, peace and prosperity, laughter and tears, hopes and fears of thirty-three momentous years. It is a **book every home must have.**

Opening with a superb and rare picture of the Royal Family in 1900, this glorious procession of the years shows the glittering cavalcade of Kings, Queens, soldiers, statesmen, society and stage; fashions with their whims and oddities; science with its incredible discoveries and inventions; the conquests of sea, air and land; the growth of armies, the development of weapons of war; explorations; exhibitions; the ever-changing kaleidoscope of the streets—in fact, all the unusual, amazing, amusing, important happenings from 1900 right up to the present time are re-enacted once more for you in this epic work.

In addition Superb Surprise Gift FREE!

Every applicant for The Pageant of the Century is entitled to obtain in addition a splendid surprise Gift FREE. Look out for the special card that comes with your Voucher.

Astounding World-War Pictures

One of the outstanding features of "The Pageant of the Century" is the section devoted to the world war. The whole terrific vista of 1914-18 is graphically described and illustrated by a special series of remarkable photographs. Another special section of this mighty work is the impressive collection of over twenty double-page panoramic illustrations of the outstanding sights and scenes of the Twentieth Century.

From the very first picture to the very last word, this stupendous work will thrill and enthrall old and young alike, for there's no drama to equal real life, no fiction stranger than truth. It has something for everyone—for mothers and fathers, hosts of golden memories; for sons and daughters, a thousand inimitable glimpses of their parents' childhood days; and for younger folk still, a vivid survey of the recent past as instructive and fascinating as a whole library.

Particular attention has been given to the binding and finish of this unique volume, the excellence and beauty of which ensure a lifetime of service and pleasure. It is produced in heavy stiff covers, bound in handsome Dark-Green Cloth of Morocco Grain. The title is richly embossed in full gilt on the spine and the volume bears a decorative embossed design and panel on the front. Actual size is 10 in. deep by 7¼ in. wide, **and the weight is approximately 3¼ lbs.**

All you have to do for this Presentation

To peer into an old picture book and roll back the years is a fascinating pastime—but to dip into this great book of memories is a thrilling adventure, a never-to-be forgotten experience of which one never tires.

First, read the simple conditions on the left below—then fill in and post without delay Form "A," together with label, to "John Bull."

On receipt of Form "A," together with label attached and bearing a halfpenny stamp, "John Bull" will immediately post to you your official Voucher which entitles you to qualify for your Presentation Volume.

In addition, it is a condition that if your newsagent has not already received from you a standing order to deliver "John Bull" you should hand Form "B" to him at once.

ACT AT ONCE!

You must apply immediately. Owing to the very special arrangements required for printing this colossal work, no application from this announcement can be accepted after first post Thursday, September 28th. Use the forms to-day!

THERE'S A COPY FOR YOU IF YOU APPLY NOW!

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

Each applicant under the scheme is required to send in a Reservation Form accompanied by the special label properly completed and bearing a halfpenny stamp. Upon receipt of your Reservation Form and label you will be sent your Presentation Voucher on which you are asked to affix six consecutively numbered Tokens cut from the bottom RIGHT-HAND corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Presentation volumes will not be awarded unless applied for on the official Presentation Voucher which is issued to you by "John Bull."

Tokens eligible for this Presentation are series "A," and commence with No. A.42 which appears in the issue of "John Bull" dated September 23. Applicants may start with this number or subsequent numbers, but no Tokens from "John Bull" other than series "A" nor prior to "A.42" will be accepted. When your Voucher is complete—that is, after the six weeks—you are asked to send a Postal Order for 2s. 10d. (two shillings and Tuppence), which includes carriage, packing, and insurance, etc. There is absolutely nothing more to pay. Each applicant who is qualifying for this Presentation must see that his or her Newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull." Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. No person may qualify for more than one Pageant of the Century and no Pageant of the Century will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

IMPORTANT! If your Newsagent has NOT a written order from you for the regular delivery of "John Bull" you MUST hand him the Order Form below.

B Hand This Order Form To Your Newsagent.

"JOHN BULL"
2d. Weekly.
ORDER FORM

To Mr. .....
(Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "John Bull" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

.....

Date.....

Get Around Dotted Rule

Halfpenny Stamp must be firmly affixed here by YOU

Name .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

Cut Around Dotted Rule

A **POST AT ONCE**

Reservation Form

This Form must be received by "John Bull" by not later than

FIRST POST THURSDAY, SEPT. 28

TO "JOHN BULL," Dept. J.B.1,
3, Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

N.B.—Applicants must complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp only to space provided—send in label, together with this Reservation Form—give YOUR name and full postal address in Block Letters.

I WISH to apply, in accordance with the conditions of your special offer, for a Presentation Volume, **The Pageant of the Century**. Please send me by return a **SPECIAL VOUCHER** on which to qualify for my Presentation volume. My newsagent (whose name and address are given below for verification purposes) holds a written order from me to deliver "John Bull" regularly each week.

Reader's Signature.....

Reader's Name ..... (State Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

Address .....

.....

Name of Newsagent .....

Address .....

Leave Blank. (Checked and Verified.)

District Supervisor

Date .....

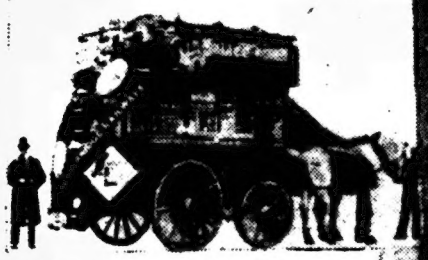
IMPORTANT.—The Pageant of the Century cannot be reserved in your name unless you complete label on left as directed and send it in together with this Form A. You may send this Form together with label in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Please do NOT enclose any cash or other correspondence.

"John Bull," 21/9/33.

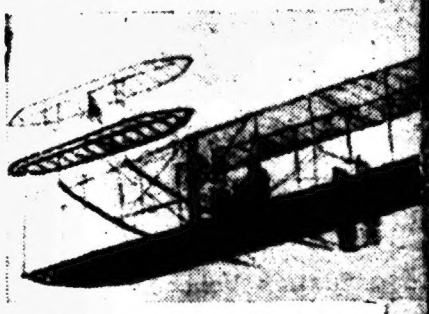
ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED FROM 1900-1933

Queen Victoria's funeral marked the impressive end of a mighty epoch.

Thrills at 12 m.p.h. An early motor-car—vintage 1900.



London went to work on these "Express Buses"—sixpence fare for anywhere.



The first "heavier-than-air" flight of the Brothers Wright, in 1903.

King Edward and President Fallieres at the White City Exhibition, 1908.

Down to the sea in pettitoats—Brighton Belles in the Relay.

"John Bull's" Great New

PRESENTATION

for Every Reader

THE PAGEANT OF THE CENTURY

Over 1,500 Unforgettable Illustrations

The illustrations on this page are very small reproductions of portions of some of the more than 1,500 fascinating large-size pictures contained in "The Pageant of the Century." A copy of this mighty volume—a dramatic pen and picture story of 33 of the most eventful years in the World's history—can be yours if you instantly accept the great offer which JOHN BULL makes to every reader inside this supplement. Act now! Turn inside and use your reservation forms without delay.

Look backwards! You may remember the hectic days of the General Strike in May, 1926, but do you remember the 1904 Dogger Bank scare which nearly provoked Britain to declare war? Or the days of the "Death or Glory" Suffragettes with the outrage at the 1913 Derby, when Emily Davison hurled herself at Anmer, the King's horse? You may remember the days when Oxford did win the boat race, but do you remember the Gardner-Serpollet steam car with its speed record of 75 m.p.h. set up in 1902? Do you remember the mania of rejoicing that spread through Britain on the relief of Mafeking—the days of mourning when Queen Victoria passed away? Names, places, events, jostle each other—Rasputin—the Harry K. Thaw scandal—the first wireless message sent across the Atlantic in 1900—the capture of Crippen—the Maybrick Case—the Messina Earthquake, the Second battle of Ypres—Ration Cards—Mussolini's march on Rome—the R.101 disaster—the Dartmoor mutiny. . . . whirling faster and faster as the years pass by—what a soothing jumble of memories, some grave, some gay, the last thirty-three years hold!

It is mainly with such varied and ever-interesting incidents as these that this great work deals—the only book of its kind in existence. The vast majority of its illustrations are reproductions of photographs actually taken at the time.

It is a volume of universal general interest—NOT a history book. Nobody could ever glance at its amazing contents without becoming enthralled by the interest and fascination of its multitude of pictures and the absorbing story which accompanies them.

It is a colossal vista of the events, great and small, which have affected our lives—a gigantic spectacle in which we have all played our parts—a treasury of memories and associations that will become the most precious possession in your personal home library.

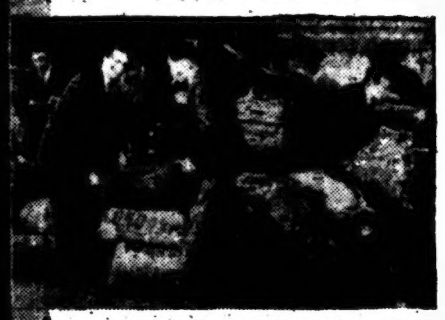
There's a copy for you if you apply NOW.

See Inside

AND ACT AT ONCE!

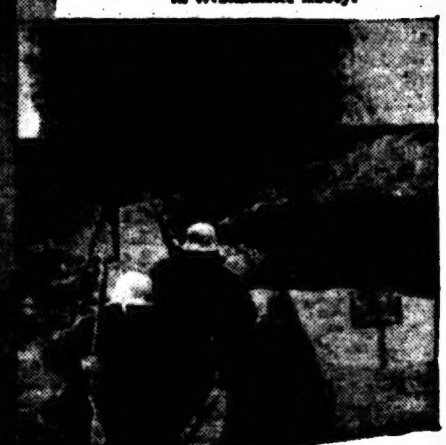
King George V. at the World Economic Conference on June 12, 1933.

Sir Malcolm Campbell's record-breaking car, "Blue-Bird."



Volunteers working during the General Strike in May, 1926.

The grave of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey.



A striking Great War picture, one of many vivid war scenes in this amazing Work.

British Troops in the front line, opposite St. Quentin, 1917.

Emperor and Empress of India—King George and Queen Mary at Delhi, 1911.

Suffragettes, militant and 'law abiding,' added to the interest of 1913.